THE SECOND SPRING

CARDINAL NEWMAN

Edited By

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

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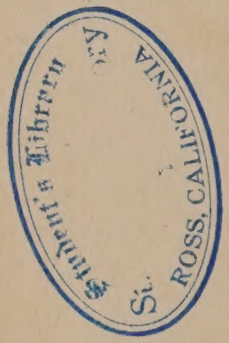

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THE SECOND SPRING

CARDINAL NEWMAN

THE REV. F. P. DONNELLY, S. J.

THE SECOND SPRING

A SERMON

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

EDITED WITH

INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND EXERCISES

BY

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S. J.

AUTHOR OF "IMITATION AND ANALYSIS"

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PREFATORY NOTE

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The method followed in the exercises is akin to that explained in the writer's *Imitation and Analysis* (Allyn & Bacon). The latter work is adapted to the earlier years of the High School and is based entirely upon Irving's *Sketch Book*, while the present book is better suited to Academies and Colleges.

F. P. D.

St. Andrew-on-Hudson,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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INTRODUCTION

I

The Occasion and the Merits of 'The Second Spring'

The Second Spring was preached on July 13, 1852, in St. Mary's College, Oscott, in the First Provincial Synod of Westminster, before Cardinal Wiseman and the bishops of England. It was a stormy time for Catholics, against whom much violence was displayed on the occasion of the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy. The description of the storm given in the sermon may be compared with the longer accounts in McCarthy: *A History of Our Times*, Vol. II, Chap. 20, and in Ward: *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.* It was also an eventful period for Newman himself. The same summer saw his trial for libel in the Achilli case. There is no evident trace of that event in the sermon. Yet the case served to concentrate more attention upon one who had already stirred the English religious world by his conversion to Catholicity seven years before. The occasion, the circumstances of time and place, the audience and the speaker, all unite to make this sermon a memorable one.

"Still under the shadow of persecution, the rulers of the English Catholic Church assembled at Oscott . . . and once more carried out the full legislative

ceremonial of the Church, disused since the Reformation. At the opening of the second session on July 13th, Newman preached his sermon on the Second Spring. As the Mass of the Holy Spirit was celebrated, with the music and liturgy of the best Oscott traditions, to ask for light in the deliberations of the First Synod of the new Hierarchy—the Church largely filled with the children of the Oxford movement, Manning, Oakeley, Faber, and others, the great Oxford descendants of the English martyrs—all Wiseman's dreams appeared to be fulfilled. The Cardinal's tears fell fast, so Bishop Ullathorne has told us, while Newman sketched the picture of the glories of the ancient Catholic Church of England; of its death; of the second life which was beginning.

"Newman was overwhelmed by the display of strong feelings he had evoked by his sermon, and was rescued by Henry Edward Manning—then a convert of but one year's standing—from the greetings of enthusiasm with which he was received after the Mass was over."—Ward: *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*. Vol. II, Page 60.

The Second Spring deserves to be studied as well for its intrinsic merits as for its historical importance. It was written out beforehand, and the care of its preparation may be discerned in its greater symmetry and suggestiveness as compared with *Christ upon the Waters*, a sermon somewhat similar in subject and treatment but preached from notes and much more diffuse. *The Second Spring* profited by this previous training and is a more perfect piece of art. How it is characteristic of Newman and what particular features are deserving of study, is pointed out in the next section.

"Newman's sermon," says Dr. Barry, "called *The*

Second Spring, marks in literature a moment of Romantic triumph not less memorable than Chateaubriand's appearance with the *Génie du Christianisme* in his hand. It should be compared with Newman's farewell to the Anglican establishment—that parting of friends, in which he exclaims, 'O my Mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children and darest not own them? . . . How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thy arms?' His lament is now changed to an almost lyrical note: 'The past has returned, the dead lives. . . . The English Church was and the English Church was not, and the English Church is once again. This is the portent, worthy of a cry. It is the coming in of a second spring.' The preacher was himself its harbinger, still meditating on man's mortality, on the winter that overtakes him and all he does; but rapt into a vision of the second temple rising above the ruins of the old. Firm, sensitive and thrilling with an emotion which runs along all its harmonies, the composition is a poem, to be judged by its correspondence with a scene in history which could not be acted over again. It is said that Macaulay knew the sermon by heart."

II

The Second Spring, a Characteristic Sermon of Newman's

In the last thirty years of Newman's life we have record of but four published sermons, one in 1866, which has been included in *Sermons on Various Occasions*, a memorial sermon in 1873 for J. R. Hope-Scott, and two sermons given at Oxford in 1880 and printed privately that same year. Newman became a Catholic in 1845 and by far the greater part of his Catholic sermons, to be found in the volume already mentioned and in *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, were written during the first ten years of his Catholic life. In fact this latter volume was published in 1849, two years after his return from Rome, where he had been almost from the time of his conversion. The change of style which many have claimed to notice between his Catholic and Protestant sermons must have taken place very quickly.[1] If we leave out of account the

[1] Professor Brastow in his *Representative Modern Preachers* agrees with others in pointing out the difference between Newman's Anglican and Catholic sermons. "The *Discourses to Mixed Congregations* disclose a spontaneity and freedom of movement and power of eloquence that are not found in any of his earlier sermons. They were delivered soon after entering the Roman Church and, as Mr. Gladstone suggested, indicate that he felt himself 'unmuzzled.' There is a passionate intensity of emotion and a rushing movement of style in these discourses that are not found to so large an extent in other sermons, and they disclose the fact that he is beginning to cultivate his style more carefully than it was possible for him during the days of controversy." Perhaps the assertion in

certainty and definiteness of doctrine and the newness of the doctrine, both of which points probably most colored the opinions of those who are not Catholic and

the text may be stated too strongly. Still the change in matter and in audience will account, we believe, for most of the apparent change in style as far as the sermons are concerned. The more conversational and popular character of *The Present Position of Catholics* is perhaps unique in Newman, but as regards the sermons the difference seems at the most to be one of degree rather than of kind. The point is not important enough to call for further discussion. Professor Brastow in his excellent analysis of Newman's style draws his examples indifferently from both classes of sermons. With the Professor's views upon Newman's doctrines and change of faith we cannot be expected to sympathize, but upon the point of style, which is the only thing that concerns us here, it is a pleasure to be able to quote some illuminating passages of able criticism.

"His intellectual subtlety, his skill in psychological analysis, his insight into human motives, his vivid imagination, his sympathetic earnestness, his study of himself in the broodings of an introverted life, his isolation and loneliness, his study of the records of human passion and conflict in the history of the Church, his knowledge of dramatic literature, all fitted him to interpret the human soul, and to become its shepherd."

"The structural quality of Newman's preaching bears the same general mark of freedom. He does not respect the standard methods of homiletic order. The rhetorical rather than the logical interest dominates him in the ordering of his thought. He early chose the unconventional style and never changed it materially. He preached, moreover, to congregations composed largely of educated people, who exacted but little upon his method. His mental productiveness, the fulness of his material, the energetic grip of the subject upon his mind, the intensity with which it moved his feelings, and the rush of his style naturally resulted in riding down all questions of architectural outline as a sort of hindrance to the onflow of the sermon, and he satisfied himself with a progressive move-

who do not keep the form and the subject-matter sufficiently distinct, we may very well doubt that there is the marked difference of style so frequently proclaimed.

The congregations and the occasions will influence the handling of a topic in a sermon, and Newman was too accomplished a writer not to be deeply susceptible to the slightest change in his listeners or their surroundings. "Definiteness," he says in *University Preaching*, a lecture in *The Idea of a University*, "is the life of preaching. A definite hearer, not the whole world; a definite topic, not the whole evangelical tradition; and, in like manner, a definite speaker." He had already in the same lecture insisted upon a definite purpose. In looking, therefore, for a characteristic sermon of Newman we must make abstraction from the subject-matter and the varying circumstances of time, place and person. What is characteristic occupies a middle ground between what is peculiar to a given situation and what is so general as to be found in every situation. That a man breathes is not characteristic; that he breathes through a silver tube which disease has forced him to adopt

ment that had no definitely marked outline as best serving his purpose."

"The gracefulness of his style is generally regarded as its most characteristic quality. Matching the purity of sentiment and feeling and the refined taste that mark the whole tone of the sermon, is the elegance of his vocabulary, the skilful placing of words and marshalling of clauses, securing for his sentences a rhythmic flow. His skilful delineations, whether of the external experiences of life or of mental or psychical states, are always an element of grace in his diction."

is exceptional and peculiar; that he is short of breath may be characteristic.

A characteristic sermon of Newman's should not run counter to his own published principles on preaching and should fall in with his practice in the same art. From that point of view it may be stated with sufficient confidence that *The Second Spring* is characteristic of Newman's style and may be fitly chosen to exemplify his traits in the art of preaching.

The burden of Newman's teaching on the matter of preaching may be summed up in the word definiteness. That is the chief lesson he conveys when he treats professedly of preaching. *The Second Spring* is the most definite of sermons. If the time, place and persons concerned with this sermon were not known, the sermon itself would reveal them. "It is the first Synod of a new Hierarchy," near to "St. Michael's Day, 1850," when "a storm arose in the moral world," and the restored English Church was welcomed as "the lion greets his prey." The audience was made of "priests and religious and theologians of the school and canons" and "well nigh twelve mitred heads" and "a Prince of the Church." The speaker is a convert, an Oratorian who bears witness from without of the contempt into which Catholicism had fallen. He feels the delicacy of his position and touches every chord to which he knows his hearers will respond and his touch is firm and fearless. Bishop Milner, the "venerable man, the Champion of God's ark in an evil time," the glories of the English Church, the Sees and the Saints of Old England, the blood of English martyrs, the tender call to "Mary, Mother

of God, Dear Lady, to go forth into that north country which was once her own," "the invocation of the same sweet and powerful name" in the new St. Mary's, these are the notes the new convert strikes, and no life-long Catholic of the oldest family of the most sacred traditions could have chosen his topics better or given them more unequivocal expression.

The Second Spring is characteristic for its definiteness and it is characteristic for a drawback that often accompanies Newman's definiteness. On reading and reflection we are conscious of the unity and the singleness of aim in this as well as others of Newman's sermons. But on its first delivery it is doubtful whether that aim was apparent soon enough for a good speech. We are nearly quarter-ways through the sermon before the subject and its treatment is hinted at, and even then we must wait still longer for the subject to be defined. Nor are we sure that the audience could gather from the circumstances the drift of the speaker until one-third of his speech had been given. This is a trait in Newman not to be imitated. Suspense is often effective and desirable, but to carry it so far in the spoken word where the mind cannot go back and pick up the connection is against the practice and teaching of all speakers. There are two other of Newman's sermons given under similar circumstances. *Christ upon the Waters* has many marked points of similarity and deserves to be compared with *The Second Spring* throughout. It is less compact and graceful than the latter, but covers practically the same ground. *Order, the Witness and Instrument of Unity*, was delivered a year after *The*

Second Spring at the First Diocesan Synod of Birmingham. It is less picturesque, less musical, less emotional, less exultant. In both of these sermons we are given some clue to the course of the thought yet not definite enough for an ordinary audience. Perhaps it may be urged that the intellectual character of the hearers in these instances renders clearer indications useless. There is some force in the objection, but it will be found that in Newman's case the practice of dwelling long on a general topic in the beginning is almost habitual.

Other principles of Newman's art in sermons may be arrived at by his statements concerning Cicero. When Newman was nearly seventy, he wrote: "As to patterns for imitation the only master of style I have ever had (which is strange considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him and as far as I know to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness." (*Letters and Correspondence*, II, 427.)

Who would have thought that the formation which the Latin language, and pre-eminently Cicero, the great moulder of modern prose, had given to English, was to continue on to our day, although English itself seemed to have authors enough to accomplish the task? What are the lessons Newman learnt from Cicero? Clearness, he mentions in the words just cited. Other qualities may be learned from his essay on Cicero[1] and from *The Idea of a University*. In both places when speaking of Cicero as an orator he lays stress upon qualities which critics have found in his own works and which we may presume he derived from

[1] Marcus Tullius Cicero: Historical Sketches, Vol. I.

his master. "His copious, majestic, musical flow of language, even if sometimes beyond what the subject-matter demands, is never out of keeping with the occasion or with the speaker." (*The Idea of a University*, p. 281.) These words which Newman applies to Cicero apply very well to himself. Newman was a musician; he wrote Latin prose; he studied Cicero, and the result of it all was a harmony of style noticed by every reader. "A subtle musical beauty runs elusively through all" Newman's prose. "Not that there is any of the sing-song of pseudo-poetic prose. The cadences are always wide-ranging and delicately shifting, with none of the halting iteration and feeble sameness of half-metrical works." (Gates, *Newman as a Prose Writer*.) The harmony of Newman's prose is not obtrusive like Ruskin's nor jingling like Macaulay's. In *The Second Spring* a close reader will find him instinctively resorting to an inversion or some other means to avoid the excessive balance which marks Macaulay, and his use of alliteration and rhythmical clauses and other noticeable sources of harmony is always more sparing and more significant than Ruskin's.

In harmonious rhythm *The Second Spring* is characteristic of Newman. Perhaps no better instances of the melody of Newman's prose and no greater proof of his indebtedness to Cicero can be found than we have in the variety and smoothness of his sentences. His paragraphs never sputter like much of the English of the day, and yet for their equable flow he has not at his command the abundant supply of connectives found in his master's style. That he should have

been able to attain such variety in an uninflected language like the English is still more remarkable and surely due to his knowledge of Latin prose. The reader who will pick out and place side by side or rather read in close connection the longer periods of *The Second Spring* will find a variety that no other English writer offers and to which he can find a parallel only in Cicero. No purple patches either, but everything woven into the web of his discourse without any startling discrepancy of color or design.

Cicero was copious and clear and was copious in order to be clear. Such is Newman's view: "The perfection of strength is clearness united to brevity; but to this combination Latin is utterly unequal. From the vagueness and uncertainty of meaning which characterizes its separate words, to be perspicuous it must be full." It is not enough for Cicero, Newman says again in the same essay on Cicero, to have barely proved his point, he proceeds to heighten the effect by amplification. "Here he goes (as it were) round and round his object; surveys it in every light; examines it in all its parts; retires and then advances; turns and re-turns it; illustrates, confirms, enforces his view of the question, till at last the hearer feels ashamed of doubting a position which seems built on a foundation so strictly argumentative." Is not that a description of Newman himself? Is not that a detailed view of his own powers, which have made him the greatest master of clear and full exposition our language can boast of? Newman is so copious and so clear that he has been subjected to the same criticism as his model Cicero and he may justly be said to incur the accusa-

tion Longfellow urged against a certain sermon, not of being too logical, but of having too much logic. It is that scrupulous care to make his meaning clear that often renders Newman's sermons too intellectual and, in so far, inferior models for preaching. In this point he did not imitate Cicero closely enough. No matter how strong and excellent the links of your chain may be, if you make them too long, the hearer will not be able to tell that they are links at all, they are so far apart. Newman's rather strict ideas about unity in a sermon,[1] which seem to exclude all but one phase of his subject, was another reason that naturally threw him back upon detailed exposition. The more restricted a writer's subject is, the more he must

[1] The strict unity observed in Newman's *Plain and Parochial Sermons* is well described in Simpson: *Preachers and Teachers*. The remarks are equally true of Newman's Catholic sermons and show that his practice in this regard came before the theory he sets forth in his *Idea of a University*.

"It requires no wide acquaintance with the Plain and Parochial Sermons of the great Tractarian to recognize as a conspicuous quality of his preaching, the presence of a dominant note which gives unity and power to each discourse. Newman always knew precisely what he wanted to drive home. Often it is gathered up in a forcible phrase or sentence which becomes the title of the sermon, and by which it is indelibly printed on the memory. An obvious instance is *Ventures of Faith*, the name given to a famous discourse, the subject of which is the incident of Christ's conversation with the sons of Zebedee when they asked for the chief seats in his kingdom. Not a word in the whole sermon falls outside the title. Every detail of the incident is subordinated to the leading idea, which articulates the whole utterance and gives it an artistic proportion that forever fixes its message on the mind." P. 29.

analyze it, the more he must refine upon the thought, if he is to develop it to any length. *The Second Spring* has sufficient exposition to be characteristic of its author, but does not display the excess which may be found elsewhere, although the diffuseness of the opening paragraphs may be thought excessive.

Newman, says an author, "is one of the prose writers of the nineteenth century who achieves a great manner without the least trace of mannerisms." (Gwynn, *Masters of English Literature.*) Here is a trait which all critics agree in ascribing to him and one sufficient in itself to place him among the classicists. To avoid mannerisms is to be humble enough to suppress individuality and submit to rule. Such obedience to art is, we may safely assert, a good criterion of the classical school. It is surprising, therefore, to see an excellent treatise on the style of Newman (Gates, *Newman as a Prose Writer*) begin with showing how Newman followed the rules of classical rhetoric mastered under Whately and end with classifying Newman among the romanticists. When Newman was a boy he wrote like Addison and Gibbon, and during his whole life he subjected himself to the discipline of Latin. To classify such a one with Carlyle, the apotheosis of the individual and the prince of mannerists, is to make romanticism so inclusive as to be practically useless as a distinguishing mark. It is equally hard to understand how another writer can say that *The Second Spring* marks in literature a moment of the romantic triumph." (Barry, *Cardinal Newman.*) That Newman was touched and influenced by the romantic movement cannot be denied, but a love of Scott's

stories and a love of nature which is rather Hebraic than either romantic or classical and is certainly not romantic in its chastened sobriety, are rather doubtful arguments upon which to base a claim that Newman is a romanticist if the terms romantic and classical are to have any distinctive difference.

In the build of his sermons Newman is not at all Ciceronian, however much he may be in his sentences and paragraphs. *The Second Spring* is here also characteristic. His Catholic sermons, at least in their larger outlines, consist of two parts: a law and its application; a law and its exception; a problem and its solution; a mystery and its exemplification; and an analogy and its analogue. The very titles of his sermons are often enough to show this: Purity and Love, Nature and Grace, Faith and Private Judgment, Faith and Doubt, Men not Angels, The Priests of the Gospel, Christ upon the Waters, The Second Spring. Newman only at times directly refers to his audience or the place or the occasion; Cicero always does. Newman is impersonal at the outset; Cicero scarcely ever so anywhere. In fact Newman may be said to avoid the classical exordium altogether. He has no division in the usual sense of the term and rarely makes an explicit proposition, except one to which he works up after a long explanation. He likes to begin with a general truth or with a class and a contrast, finding in it some problem to be worked out. There is "a dispensation or state of things which is very strange" or a truth "may strike us with wonder" or as a "difficulty" or inquirers put "a strange question" or "a strange time this may seem" or "I am going

to assert a great paradox." Such are the phrases found at the beginning of several sermons in succession. The strangeness seems to stimulate Newman's energy and his marvellous powers of exposition begin to explain away the mystery.

The internal structure of Newman's oratory differs much from the classical whether of Greece or Rome. Demosthenes breaks up his explanation and proof into smaller divisions and follows with the emotional enforcement of his point. He rises and falls like the sea from the quiet of transition and explanation to the stormy crest of emotion. Cicero follows a similar but more conventional plan. He will rise at the end of his introduction and then glide down to his explanation and proofs with varying intensity like rolling ground with wide valleys and slight elevations rising on the horizon into a high elevation. Newman pursues a different course. He explains and confirms and illustrates and gives instances with but slight differences in the level of his style. His paragraphs, it is true, often show differences of level, but in the long run as wholes they maintain nearly the same height. He wings his way with the ease and lightness of a bird and no one can detect any weariness of the pinions that ceaselessly and smoothly cut onward. Then suddenly but not too sharply he soars aloft, not for a long time, but for a glorious flight while it lasts. There is an amplitude to the sentences, a sublimity in the ideas and a height and range and graceful sweep to the feeling. Exclamations, apostrophes, the impassioned language of Scripture, fall upon the ear. Then Newman is not classical, not

romantic, but something nobler, something grander than either; he is Hebraic. He sees with a prophet's eye, feels with a prophet's heart, and in the wider and richer outlook of his imagination feels that he must borrow the prophet's language and end with the prophet's prayer.

To bring *The Second Spring* into the classical mould would require a new arrangement of its paragraphs with corresponding modifications of the language. The two paragraphs at the end, being personal and explanatory of his fitness to speak, would form the exordium. Then there would be a proposition stating that the establishment of the Hierarchy was, like a second spring, an exception to the usual law. For the traditional narrative we should have probably the description of the Synod, followed by a proof of the proposition. Grace had performed a miracle in causing an exception to the usual law of mortality that rules man and all his works. The difficulties to the restoration of the hierarchy could be handled as an objection to the proposition. Here would be the refutation, showing that the troubles were only spring showers. The dangers of the Protestant outcry would be described and the priests and prelates would be encouraged to meet the possible results, and on that theme, summing up, the speaker would close.

Such an arrangement would be Ciceronian and classical; it would not be characteristic of Newman. No doubt it would destroy the beauty of the sermon. Whether it would impair its utility is a debatable question. Dr. Barry has stated that Newman was always academic in his sermons and never popular.

Thirty years at a University is not the best training for one who would speak to the people. Yet Newman could and did speak to the people when occasion required, as in the *Present Position of Catholics in England*. In the pulpit, however, he remained academic. Such he is in *The Second Spring*. He will not speak of a telescope, but of "a more perfect mechanism than this earth has discovered for surveying the transactions of another globe." His comparisons are but a short remove from the poetic, and when he does take an illustration from the railway in *Christ upon the Waters* he apologizes for its homeliness. Imagine the Apostles apologizing for ploughs or wagons or hens or brooms or the like, which occur in the sermons of the Gospel.

The student of oratory may, therefore, go to Newman's Catholic sermons for clearness, for harmonious and various types of sentences, for orderly paragraphs, for imagination with a wide outlook, for dramatic presentation, for warmth and nobility of feeling and for everything he owes to Latin and Hebrew, but unless the student seek the art of speaking on special occasions when charm rather than popular preaching is sought, he will not go to Newman for those qualities which were drawn from his University life and from Anglicanism—the diffuseness of reasoning, the structure of his sermons, the poetic and somewhat fastidious vocabulary, the refined cast of thought, and the other traits which marked him as academic. In all these qualities, however, both the excellent as well as the less good, *The Second Spring* will be found characteristic and representative of Newman.

THE SECOND SPRING

TO THE FATHERS OF THE SYNOD AT OSCOTT, TO THE CLERGY WHO ASSISTED AT IT, WHO, IN THE STRENGTH OF THE MOST HIGH, HAVE BEGUN A WORK WHICH IS TO LIVE AFTER THEM, THE FOLLOWING SERMON, PREACHED UNDER THE ILLUMINATION OF THEIR PRESENCE IS HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY THEIR DEVOTED SERVANT IN CHRIST,

The Author.

(*Dedication in the First Edition.*)

THE SECOND SPRING

Surge, propera, amica mea, columba mea, formosa mea, et veni. Jam enim hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit. Flores apparuerunt in terrâ nostrâ.—CANT., *c.* ii. *v.* 10–12.

Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land.

1. WE have familiar experience of the order, the constancy, the perpetual renovation of the material world which surrounds us. Frail and transitory as is every part of it, restless and migratory as are its elements, never-ceasing as are its changes, still it abides. It is bound together by a law of permanence, it is set up in unity; and, though it is ever dying, it is ever coming to life again. Dissolution does but give birth to fresh modes of organization, and one death is the parent of a thousand lives. Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony, how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the great whole. It is like an image on the waters, which is ever the same, though the waters ever flow. Change upon change,—yet one change cries out to another, like the alternate Seraphim, in praise and in glory of their Maker. The sun sinks to rise again; the day is swallowed up in the gloom of the night, to be born out of it, as fresh as if it had never been quenched. Spring passes into summer,

and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its own ultimate return, to triumph over that grave, towards which it resolutely hastened from its first hour. We mourn over the blossoms of May, because they are to wither; but we know, withal, that May is one day to have its revenge upon November, by the revolution of that solemn circle which never stops,—which teaches us in our height of hope, ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation, never to despair.

2. And forcibly as this comes home to every one of us, not less forcible is the contrast which exists between this material world, so vigorous, so reproductive, amid all its changes, and the moral world, so feeble, so downward, so resourceless, amid all its aspirations. That which ought to come to nought, endures; that which promises a future, disappoints and is no more. The same sun shines in heaven from first to last, and the blue firmament, the everlasting mountains, reflect his rays; but where is there upon earth the champion, the hero, the lawgiver, the body politic, the sovereign race, which was great three hundred years ago, and is great now? Moralists and poets, often do they descant upon this innate vitality of matter, this innate perishableness of mind. Man rises to fall: he tends to dissolution from the moment he begins to be; he lives on, indeed, in his children, he lives on in his name, he lives not on in his own person. He is, as regards the manifestations of his nature here below, as a bubble that breaks, and as water poured out upon the earth. He was young, he is old, he is never young again. This

is the lament over him, poured forth in verse and in prose, by Christians and by heathen. The greatest work of God's hands under the sun, he, in all the manifestations of his complex being, is born only to die.

3. His bodily frame first begins to feel the power of this constraining law, though it is the last to succumb to it. We look at the bloom of youth with interest, yet with pity; and the more graceful and sweet it is, with pity so much the more; for, whatever be its excellence and its glory, soon it begins to be deformed and dishonored by the very force of its living on. It grows into exhaustion and collapse, till at length it crumbles into that dust out of which it was originally taken.

4. So is it, too, with our moral being, a far higher and diviner portion of our natural constitution; it begins with life, it ends with what is worse than the mere loss of life, with a living death. How beautiful is the human heart, when it puts forth its first leaves, and opens and rejoices in its spring-tide. Fair as may be the bodily form, fairer far, in its green foliage and bright blossoms, is natural virtue. It blooms in the young, like some rich flower, so delicate, so fragrant, and so dazzling. Generosity and lightness of heart and amiableness, the confiding spirit, the gentle temper, the elastic cheerfulness, the open hand, the pure affection, the noble aspiration, the heroic resolve, the romantic pursuit, the love in which self has no part,—are not these beautiful? and are they not dressed up and set forth for admiration in their best shapes, in tales and in poems? and ah!

what a prospect of good is there! who could believe that it is to fade! and yet, as night follows upon day, as decrepitude follows upon health, so surely are failure, and overthrow, and annihilation, the issue of this natural virtue, if time only be allowed to it to run its course. There are those who are cut off in the first opening of this excellence, and then, if we may trust their epitaphs, they have lived like angels; but wait a while, let them live on, let the course of life proceed, let the bright soul go through the fire and water of the world's temptations and seductions and corruptions and transformations; and alas for the insufficiency of nature! alas for its powerlessness to persevere, its waywardness in disappointing its own promise! Wait till youth has become age; and not more different is the miniature which we have of him when a boy, when every feature spoke of hope, put side by side of the large portrait painted to his honor, when he is old, when his limbs are shrunk, his eye dim, his brow furrowed, and his hair grey, than differs the moral grace of that boyhood from the forbidding and repulsive aspect of his soul now that he has lived to the age of man. For moroseness, and misanthropy, and selfishness, is the ordinary winter of that spring.

5. Such is man in his own nature, and such, too, is he in his works. The noblest efforts of his genius, the conquests he has made, the doctrines he has originated, the nations he has civilized, the states he has created, they outlive himself, they outlive him by many centuries, but they tend to an end, and that end is dissolution. Powers of the world, sovereignties, dynasties,

sooner or later come to nought; they have their fatal hour. The Roman conqueror shed tears over Carthage, for in the destruction of the rival city he discerned too truly an augury of the fall of Rome; and at length, with the weight and the responsibilities, the crimes, and the glories, of centuries upon centuries, the Imperial City fell.

Thus man and all his works are mortal; they die, and they have no power of renovation.

6. But what is it, my Fathers, my Brothers, what is it that has happened in England just at this time? Something strange is passing over this land, by the very surprise, by the very commotion, which it excites. Were we not near enough the scene of action to be able to say what is going on,—were we the inhabitants of some sister planet possessed of a more perfect mechanism than this earth has discovered for surveying the transactions of another globe,—and did we turn our eyes thence towards England just at this season, we should be arrested by a political phenomenon as wonderful as any which the astronomer notes down from his physical field of view. It would be the occurrence of a national commotion, almost without parallel, more violent than has happened here for centuries,—at least in the judgments and intentions of men, if not in act and deed. We should note it down, that soon after St. Michael's day, 1850, a storm arose in the moral world, so furious as to demand some great explanation, and to rouse in us an intense desire to gain it. We should observe it increasing from day to day, and spreading from place to place, without remission, almost without lull, up to this

very hour, when perhaps it threatens worse still, or at least gives no sure prospect of alleviation. Every party in the body politic undergoes its influence,—from the Queen upon her throne, down to the little ones in the infant or day school. The ten thousands of the constituency, the sum-total of Protestant sects, the aggregate of religious societies and associations, the great body of established clergy in town and country, the bar, even the medical profession, nay, even literary and scientific circles, every class, every interest, every fireside, gives tokens of this ubiquitous storm. This would be our report of it, seeing it from the distance, and we should speculate on the cause. What is it all about? against what is it directed? what wonder has happened upon earth? what prodigious, what preternatural event is adequate to the burden of so vast an effect?

7. We should judge rightly in our curiosity about a phenomenon like this; it must be a portentous event, and it is. It is an innovation, a miracle, I may say, in the course of human events. The physical world revolves year by year, and begins again; but the political order of things does not renew itself, does not return; it continues, but it proceeds; there is no retrogression. This is so well understood by men of the day, that with them progress is idolized as another name for good. The past never returns—it is never good;—if we are to escape existing ills, it must be by going forward. The past is out of date; the past is dead. As well may the dead live to us, as well may the dead profit us, as the past return. *This*, then, is the cause of this national transport,

this national cry, which encompasses us. The past *has* returned, the dead lives. Thrones are overturned, and are never restored; States live and die, and then are matter only for history. Babylon was great, and Tyre, and Egypt, and Nineve, and shall never be great again. The English Church, was, and the English Church was not, and the English Church is once again. This is the portent, worthy of a cry. It is the coming in of a Second Spring; it is a restoration in the moral world, such as that which yearly takes place in the physical.

8. Three centuries ago, and the Catholic Church, that great creation of God's power, stood in this land in pride of place. It had the honors of near a thousand years upon it; it was enthroned in some twenty sees up and down the broad country; it was based in the will of a faithful people; it energized through ten thousand instruments of power and influence; and it was ennobled by a host of Saints and Martyrs. The churches, one by one, recounted and rejoiced in the line of glorified intercessors, who were the respective objects of their grateful homage. Canterbury alone numbered perhaps some sixteen, from St. Augustine to St. Dunstan and St. Elphege, from St. Anselm and St. Thomas down to St. Edmund. York had its St. Paulinus, St. John, St. Wilfrid, and St. William; London, its St. Erconwald; Durham, its St. Cuthbert; Winton, its St. Swithun. Then there were St. Aidan of Lindisfarne, and St. Hugh of Lincoln, and St. Chad of Lichfield, and St. Thomas of Hereford, and St. Oswald and St. Wulstan of Worcester, and St. Osmund of Salisbury, and St. Birinus of Dorchester,

and St. Richard of Chichester. And then, too, its religious orders, its monastic establishments, its universities, its wide relations all over Europe, its high prerogatives in the temporal state, its wealth, its dependencies, its popular honors, —where was there in the whole of Christendom a more glorious hierarchy? Mixed up with the civil institutions, with king and nobles, with the people, found in every village and in every town,—it seemed destined to stand, so long as England stood, and to outlast, it might be, England's greatness.

9. But it was the high decree of heaven, that the majesty of that presence should be blotted out. It is a long story, my Fathers and Brothers—you know it well. I need not go through it. The vivifying principle of truth, the shadow of St. Peter, the grace of the Redeemer, left it. That old Church in its day became a corpse (a marvellous, an awful change!); and then it did but corrupt the air which once it refreshed, and cumber the ground which once it beautified. So all seemed to be lost; and there was a struggle for a time, and then its priests were cast out or martyred. There were sacrileges innumerable. Its temples were profaned or destroyed; its revenues seized by covetous nobles, or squandered upon the ministers of a new faith. The presence of Catholicism was at length simply removed,—its grace disowned,—its power despised,—its name, except as a matter of history, at length almost unknown. It took a long time to do this thoroughly; much time, much thought, much labor, much expense; but at last it was done. Oh, that miserable day, centuries before we were born!

What a martyrdom to live in it and see the fair form of Truth, moral and material, hacked piecemeal, and every limb and organ carried off, and burned in the fire, or cast into the deep! But at last the work was done. Truth was disposed of, and shovelled away, and there was a calm, a silence, a sort of peace;—and such was about the state of things when we were born into this weary world.

10. My Fathers and Brothers, *you* have seen it on one side, and some of us on another; but one and all of us can bear witness to the fact of the utter contempt into which Catholicism had fallen by the time that we were born. You, alas, know it far better than I can know it; but it may not be out of place, if by one or two tokens, as by the strokes of a pencil, I bear witness to you from without, of what you can witness so much more truly from within. No longer, the Catholic Church in the country; nay, no longer I may say, a Catholic community;—but a few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been. "The Roman Catholics;"—not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it,—not a body, however small, representative of the Great Communion abroad,—but a mere handful of individuals, who might be counted like the pebbles and *detritus* of the great deluge, and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which, in its day indeed, was the profession of a Church. Here a set of poor Irishmen, coming and going at harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis. There, perhaps, an elderly person, seen walking in the streets, grave and

solitary, and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family, and a "Roman Catholic." An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, with an iron gate, and yews, and the report attaching to it that "Roman Catholics" lived there; but who they were or what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics, no one could tell;—though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro, looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day upon some Moravian chapel, or Quakers' meeting-house, and to-morrow on a chapel of the "Roman Catholics;" but nothing was to be gathered from it, except that there were lights burning there, and some boys in white, swinging censers; and what it all meant could only be learned from books, from Protestant Histories and Sermons; and they did not report well of "the Roman Catholics" but, on the contrary, deposed that they had once had power and had abused it. And then, again, we might, on one occasion, hear it pointedly put out by some literary man, as the result of his careful investigation, and as a recondite point of information, which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that the latter had bishops, and the former were governed by four officials, called Vicars-Apostolic.

11. Such was about the sort of knowledge possessed of Christianity by the heathen of old time, who persecuted its adherents from the face of the earth, and then called them a *gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned

the light of day. Such were Catholics in England, found in corners, and alleys, and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro, by the high Protestants, the lords of the earth. At length so feeble did they become, so utterly contemptible, that contempt gave birth to pity; and the more generous of their tyrants actually began to wish to bestow on them some favor, under the notion that their opinions were simply too absurd ever to spread again, and that they themselves, were they but raised in civil importance, would soon unlearn and be ashamed of them. And thus, out of mere kindness to us, they began to vilify our doctrines to the Protestant world, that so our very idiotcy or our secret unbelief might be our plea for mercy.

12. A *great* change, an *awful* contrast, between the time-honored church of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, and the poor remnant of their children in the beginning of the nineteenth century! It was a miracle, I might say, to have pulled down that lordly power; but there was a greater and a truer one in store. No one could have prophesied its fall, but still less would any one have ventured to prophesy its rise again. The fall was wonderful; still after all it was in the order of nature;—all things come to nought: its rise again would be a different sort of wonder, for it is in the order of grace,—and who can hope for miracles, and such a miracle as this! Has the whole course of history a like to show? I must speak cautiously and according to my knowledge, but I recollect no parallel

to it. Augustine, indeed, came to the same island to which the early missionaries had come already; but they came to Britons, and he to Saxons. The Arian Goths and Lombards, too, cast off their heresy in St. Augustine's age, and joined the Church; but they had never fallen away from her. The inspired word seems to imply the almost impossibility of such a grace as the renovation of those who have crucified to themselves again, and trodden underfoot, the Son of God. Who then could have dared to hope that, out of so sacrilegious a nation as this is, a people would have been formed again unto their Saviour? What signs did it show that it was to be singled out from among the nations? Had it been prophesied some fifty years ago, would not the very notion have seemed preposterous and wild?

13. My Fathers, there was one of your own order, then in the maturity of his powers and his reputation. His name is the property of this diocese; yet is too great, too venerable, too dear to all Catholics, to be confined to any part of England, when it is rather a household word in the mouths of all of us. What would have been the feelings of that venerable man, the champion of God's ark in an evil time, could *he* have lived to see this day? It is almost presumptuous for one who knew him not, to draw pictures about him, and his thoughts, and his friends, some of whom are even here present; yet am I wrong in fancying that a day such as this, in which we stand, would have seemed to him a dream, or, if he prophesied of it, to his hearers nothing but a mockery? Say that one time, rapt in spirit, he had reached forward

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to the future, and that his mortal eye had wandered from that lowly chapel in the valley which had been for centuries in the possession of Catholics, to the neighboring height, then waste and solitary. And let him say to those about him: "I see a bleak mount, looking upon an open country, over against that huge town, to whose inhabitants Catholicism is of so little account. I see the ground marked out, and an ample enclosure made; and plantations are rising there, clothing and circling in the space.

14. "And there on that high spot, far from the haunts of men, yet in the very centre of the island, a large edifice, or rather pile of edifices, appears, with many fronts and courts, and long cloisters and corridors, and story upon story. And there it rises, under the invocation of the same sweet and powerful name which has been our strength and consolation in the Valley. I look more attentively at that building, and I see it is fashioned upon that ancient style of art which brings back the past, which had seemed to be perishing from off the face of the earth, or to be preserved only as a curiosity, or to be imitated only as a fancy. I listen, and I hear the sound of voices, grave and musical, renewing the old chant, with which Augustine greeted Ethelbert in the free air upon the Kentish strand. It comes from a long procession, and it winds along the cloisters. Priests and Religious, theologians from the schools, and canons from the Cathedral, walk in due precedence. And then there comes a vision of well nigh twelve mitred heads; and last I see a Prince of the Church, in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom, a

pledge to us from Rome of Rome's unwearied love, a token that that goodly company is firm in Apostolic faith and hope. And the shadow of the saints is there;—St. Benedict is there, speaking to us by the voice of bishop and of priest, and counting over the long ages through which he has prayed, and studied, and labored; there, too, is St. Dominic's white wool, which no blemish can impair, no stain can dim:—and if St. Bernard be not there, it is only that his absence may make him be remembered more. And the princely patriarch, St. Ignatius, too, the St. George of the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through his writhing foe, he, too, sheds his blessing upon that train. And others, also, his equals or his juniors in history, whose pictures are above our altars, or soon shall be, the surest proof that the Lord's arm has not waxen short, nor His mercy failed,—they, too, are looking down from their thrones on high upon the throng. And so that high company moves on into the holy place; and there, with august rite and awful sacrifice, inaugurates the great act which brings it thither." What is that act? it is the first synod of a new Hierarchy; it is the resurrection of the Church.

15. O my Fathers, my Brothers, had that revered Bishop spoken then, who that had heard him but would have said that he spoke what could not be? What! those few scattered worshippers, *the* Roman Catholics, to form a Church! Shall the past be rolled back? Shall the grave open? Shall the Saxons live again to God? Shall the shepherds, watching their poor flocks by night, be visited by a multitude of the

heavenly army, and hear how their Lord has been new-born in their own city? Yes; for grace can, where nature cannot. The world grows old, but the Church is ever young. She can, in any time, at her Lord's will, "inherit the Gentiles, and inhabit the desolate cities." "Arise, Jerusalem, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. Behold, darkness shall cover the earth and a mist the people; but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; all these are gathered together, they come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side." "Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past and the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land. . . . the fig-tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come." It is the time for thy Visitation. Arise, Mary, and go forth in thy strength into that north country, which once was thine own, and take possession of a land which knows thee not. Arise, Mother of God, and with thy thrilling voice, speak to those who labor with child, and are in pain, till the babe of grace leaps within them? Shine on us, dear Lady, with thy bright countenance, like the sun in his strength, *O stella matutina*, O harbinger of peace, till our year is one perpetual May. From thy sweet eyes, from thy pure smile, from thy majestic brow, let ten thousand influences rain down, not to confound or overwhelm, but to persuade, to win over thine enemies. O Mary,

my hope, O Mother undefiled, fulfil to us the promise of this Spring. A second temple rises on the ruins of the old. Canterbury has gone its way, and York is gone, and Durham is gone, and Winchester is gone. It was sore to part with them. We clung to the vision of past greatness, and would not believe it could come to nought; but the Church in England has died, and the Church lives again. Westminster and Nottingham, Beverley and Hexham, Northampton and Shrewsbury, if the world lasts, shall be names as musical to the ear, as stirring to the heart, as the glories we have lost; and Saints shall rise out of them, if God so will, and Doctors once again shall give the law to Israel, and Preachers call to penance and to justice, as at the beginning.

16. Yes, my Fathers and Brothers, and if it be God's blessed will, not Saints alone, not Doctors only, not Preachers only, shall be ours—but Martyrs, too, shall re-consecrate the soil to God. We know not what is before us, ere we win our own; we are engaged in a great, a joyful work, but in proportion to God's grace is the fury of His enemies. They have welcomed us as the lion greets his prey. Perhaps they may be familiarized in time with our appearance, but perhaps they may be irritated the more. To set up the Church again in England is too great an act to be done in a corner. We have had reason to expect that such a boon would not be given to us without a cross. It is not God's way that great blessings should descend without the sacrifice first of great sufferings. If the truth is to be spread to any wide extent among this people, how can we dream, how can we hope, that

trial and trouble shall not accompany its going forth? And we have already, if it may be said without presumption, to commence our work withal, a large store of merits. We have no slight outfit for our opening warfare. Can we religiously suppose that the blood of our martyrs, three centuries ago and since, shall never receive its recompense? Those priests, secular and regular, did they suffer for no end? or rather, for an end which is not yet accomplished? The long imprisonment, the fetid dungeon, the weary suspense, the tyrannous trial, the barbarous sentence, the savage execution, the rack, the gibbet, the knife, the cauldron, the numberless tortures of those holy victims, O my God, are they to have no reward? Are Thy martyrs to cry from under Thine altar for their loving vengeance on this guilty people, and to cry in vain? Shall they lose life, and not gain a better life for the children of those who persecuted them? Is this Thy way, O my God, righteous and true? Is it according to thy promise, O King of saints, if I may dare talk to Thee of justice? Didst not Thou Thyself pray for Thine enemies upon the cross, and convert them? Did not Thy first Martyr win Thy great Apostle, then a persecutor, by his loving prayer? And in that day of trial and desolation for England, when hearts were pierced through and through with Mary's woe, at the crucifixion of Thy body mystical, was not every tear that flowed, and every drop of blood that was shed, the seeds of a future harvest, when they who sowed in sorrow were to reap in joy?

17. And as that suffering of the Martyrs is not yet

recompensed, so, perchance, it is not yet exhausted. Something, for what we know, remains to be undergone, to complete the necessary sacrifice. May God forbid it, for this poor nation's sake! But still could we be surprised, my Fathers and my Brothers, if the winter even now should not yet be quite over? Have we any right to take it strange, if, in this English land, the springtime of the Church should turn out to be an English spring, an uncertain, anxious time of hope and fear, of joy and suffering—of bright promise and budding hopes, yet withal, of keen blasts, and cold showers, and sudden storms?

18. One thing alone I know—that according to our need, so will be our strength. One thing I am sure of, that the more the enemy rages against us, so much the more will the Saints in Heaven plead for us; the more fearful are our trials from the world, the more present to us will be our Mother Mary, and our good Patrons, and Angel Guardians; the more malicious are the devices of men against us, the louder cry of supplication will ascend from the bosom of the whole Church to God for us. We shall not be left orphans; we shall have within us the strength of the Paraclete, promised to the Church and to every member of it. My Fathers, my Brothers in the priesthood, I speak from my heart when I declare my conviction, that there is no one among you here present but, if God so willed, would readily become a martyr for His sake. I do not say you would wish it; I do not say that the natural will would not pray that that chalice might pass away; I do not speak of what you can do by any strength of yours;—but in the strength of God, in the grace of

the Spirit, in the armor of justice, by the consolations and peace of the Church, by the blessing of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and in the name of Christ, you would do what nature cannot do. By the intercession of the Saints on high, by the penances and good works and the prayers of the people of God on earth, you would be forcibly borne up as upon the waves of the mighty deep, and carried on out of yourselves by the fulness of grace, whether nature wished it or no. I do not mean violently, or with unseemly struggle, but calmly, gracefully, sweetly, joyously, you would mount up and ride forth to battle, as on the rush of Angel's wings, as your fathers did before you, and gained the prize. You, who day by day offer up the Immaculate Lamb of God, you who hold in your hands the Incarnate Word under the visible tokens which He has ordained, you who again and again drain the chalice of the Great Victim; who is to make you fear? what is to startle you? what to seduce you? who is to stop you, whether you are to suffer or to do, whether to lay the foundations of the Church in tears, or to put the crown upon the work in jubilation?

19. My Fathers, my Brothers, one word more. It may seem as if I were going out of my way in thus addressing you; but I have some sort of plea to urge in extenuation. When the English College at Rome was set up by the solicitude of a great Pontiff in the beginning of England's sorrows, and missionaries were trained there for confessorship and martyrdom here, who was it that saluted the fair Saxon youths as they passed by him in the streets of the

great City, with the salutation, "Salvete flores martyrum"? And when the time came for each in turn to leave that peaceful home, and to go forth to the conflict, to whom did they betake themselves before leaving home, to receive a blessing which might nerve them for their work? They went for a Saint's blessing; they went to a calm old man, who had never seen blood, except in penance; who had longed indeed to die for Christ, what time the great St. Francis opened the way to the far East, but who had been fixed as if a sentinel in the holy city, and walked up and down for fifty years on one beat, while his brethren were in the battle. Oh! the fire of that heart, too great for its frail tenement, which tormented him to be kept at home when the whole Church was at war! and therefore came those bright-haired strangers to him, ere they set out for the scene of their passion, that the full zeal and love pent up in that burning breast might find a vent, and flow over, from him who was kept at home, upon those who were to face the foe. Therefore one by one, each in his turn, those youthful soldiers came to the old man; and one by one they persevered and gained the crown and the palm,—all but one, who had not gone, and would not go, for the salutary blessing.

20. My Fathers, my Brothers, that old man was my own St. Philip. Bear with me for his sake. If I have spoken too seriously, his sweet smile shall temper it. As he was with you three centuries ago in Rome, when our Temple fell, so now surely when it is rising, it is a pleasant token that he should have even set out on his travels to you; and that, as if remembering

how he interceded for you at home, and recognizing the relations he then formed with you, he should now be wishing to have a name among you, and to be loved by you, and perchance to do you a service, here in your own land.

[The following brief note, written in pencil by the then Bishop Ullathorne while the Synod was still in session is interesting as, probably, the earliest recorded appreciation of "The Second Spring."

"Oscott, July, 1852.

"A single line to say that the Synod is going on admirably in all respects. It finishes on Saturday: very fatiguing, but most peaceful and harmonious. Besides the office of Synodal Judge, I preside over the Congregation on Canon Law and Discipline. Dr. Newman preached one of his best sermons, and had the bishops and divines—most of them—weeping, for half an hour. The Spirit of God is truly in the Synod. This is the first letter I have written since it began." *Letters of Archbishop Ullathorne*, p. 29.]

NOTES AND EXERCISES

[The following notes fall into three divisions—study, criticism and practice. Mere information has, as a rule, not been furnished, either because it was believed it would be easily accessible in books of reference or because it might distract from the chief purpose of this edition. The method followed here is one in which the reading of authors is not subordinated to the acquisition of any science. It avails itself, however, of the facts of science or history so far as they elucidate the author's meaning and bring out the virtues of his style. It frankly looks upon the author as a work of art which is to be soberly studied as such. It would have the author clearly understood, rightly appreciated. Sentences, paragraphs, the good qualities of the composition are subjected to analysis, are set up as models, the power and charm of which the student strives to reproduce just as artists sketch the masterpieces of painting in whole or part in preparation for their original work in the future. The blackface figures (1) refer to the numbered paragraphs of the sermon].

1. 1

We have familiar. The first sentence gives the topic of the paragraph. The sense in which the word "order" is used is defined by "constancy," "perpetual renovation."

Material world. This idea is sustained by the words "part, elements, modes of organization, sun, night, summer, blossoms of May," etc. The thought progresses from the general to the particular, from the abstract to the concrete. Trace the ideas of "constancy, renovation, perpetual" through the paragraph.

Frail and transitory. The inverted style throws emphasis on the predicate and imparts a tone of solemnity. Note other instances of the inverted style in the Sermon and how its use is governed by the author's good taste.

height of hope. The close of the paragraph is marked by some increase of feeling, finding apt expression in the alliteration, balance and rhythm. Impassioned prose occasionally avails itself of these helps. Be on the lookout for other instances of alliteration.

II

"Dr. Newman's style is pellucid, it is animated, it is varied; at times icy cold, it oftener glows with fervent heat; it employs as its obedient and well-trained servant, a vast vocabulary, and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman, who by a sure instinct ever avoids alike the ugly pedantry of the bookworm, the forbidding accents of the lawyer, and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory." Birrell: *Res Judicatæ.*

How much of this criticism do you think true of this paragraph?

Quote instances for or against each point, if you can.

III

1. Compare the first sentence of the paragraph with the last. The latter, with the exception of the lesson drawn, has the same thought as the former, but in a particular and specific form. Express the following sentences in a like definite way:

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

2. The topic in the opening sentence is repeated and defined for three more sentences, then developed by comparisons and finally by different species. Develop in like manner the following topics:

Life is monotonous, yet varied.

Who can follow the changes and follies of the world of fashion?

The Catholic Church perseveres in history amid many changes.

War is glorious, but sad.

"The wages of sin is death." Rom. 6, 23.

"The invisible things of Him are clearly seen being understood by the things that are made." Rom. 1, 20.

The persistence of the votaries of fortune is as marked as the fickleness of fortune is proverbial.

"The former things are passed away." Apoc. 21, 4.

2. I

This. Make this transition clearer and better for a speech by adding a suitable noun or substituting a phrase. The opening sentence contains, besides the reference to the preceding paragraph, the topic of this paragraph.

so vigorous. Justify the order of the adjectives in this sentence.

champion, hero. Give reasons for the choice and order of these details. Note in the preceding sentence what is the point to be proved.

lament. Does the rhythmical reiteration impart a tone of lament, suggesting the idea by the verbal expression of it?

Man rises to fall. Why is the larger part of the paragraph given to the moral world although the contrast between two worlds is asserted?

II

Cardinal Newman's "is a style, as I have said, that more nearly represents a clear atmosphere than any other which I know in English literature. It flows around you, it presses gently on every side of you, and yet like a steady current carries you in one direction too. On every facet of your mind and heart you feel the light touch of his purpose, and yet you cannot escape the general drift of his

movement more than the ship can escape the drift of the tide." Hutton: *Modern Guides.*

Are the comparisons with the atmosphere and with a stream appropriate when applied to the style of the Sermon?

III

1. **That which ought.** The general statement of this sentence is developed by particulars in the next sentence. Develop in like manner:

"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones;" the contrast in attractiveness between vice and virtue, between good and bad reading, Cicero and Demosthenes as orators, city and country life, vacation on the mountains and at the sea, difficulty of becoming a poet or an orator.

2. **And forcibly.** The topic is introduced and stated, is repeated in general terms (That which ought), is proved by particulars (The same sun . . . Man rises), is enforced with feeling (He is).

The paragraph is a little speech in itself. Write a like paragraph of contrast on:

Summer and Winter.
Rome and Greece.
Night and Day.
Youth and Old Age.
The Orator and the Writer.
The Statesman and the Soldier.

3. I

succumb. "The body is born to die," is the idea to be developed. What are the ways in which the idea of death is expressed?

with pity so much the more. With so much the more pity, would be the usual order. What is the difference in the effect produced?

exhaustion, collapse, crumbles. Might the words be changed in order without loss to the thought?

Why is this paragraph shorter than the next?

graceful and sweet. There are three other pairs of words in the paragraph. The speaker uses such pairs more frequently than the writer. Would there be a loss if one word was used in each case or if the words were put in a different order?

II

"Almost one had termed him a Latin classic, and on more serious grounds than his tasteful prologues to the Comedies of Terence. He is Latin by the structure of sentence and period; by the rhythm which his ear, fastidiously keen, demands; by his leisurely rhetoric, and senatorial grace, and instant authority. But it is a Roman Latin. He disdains the archaic and the provincial; he has too much sense to be affected; he is too serious for the vain exhibition of a virtuoso—an Isocrates or a Euphues; too sure of himself to employ any but the words which men use in their daily talk. His choice, like Macaulay's, does not range outside Johnson. He can be idiomatic in lectures to a mixed gathering; brief, but not sententious; to the point, yet hardly ever epigrammatic; ironical or humorous in a natural way, without quitting his air of reserve. He is never unstudied, but just as little self-conscious, for he desires to instruct or to persuade, not to show what literary art can achieve. For literature, as an accomplishment, he cares not at all." Barry: *Cardinal Newman.*

What period, what paragraph would you choose from the Sermon as best exemplifying this criticism?

4. I

So is it too, topic; "a far higher," definition; "it begins with life," division; "How beautiful," paraphrase of first part by comparison; "Fair as may be," proof of topic by contrast; "It blooms," development of comparison; "Generosity and lightness of heart," development by enumeration of natural virtues.

Analyze also the second division of the paragraph, beginning with "Who could believe it is to fade?"

moral being, is the subject; "begins with life," "ends with death" are the predicates of the topic sentence. Trace the expression of these ideas throughout.

first leaves, spring-tide. A comparison underlying the whole paragraph and cropping to the surface here and there gives it imaginative unity.

so delicate, so fragrant. There are several groups of words and clauses in the paragraph. Justify the existence of each word or phrase and its place in the enumeration.

generosity. How would you group these natural virtues in speaking?

let them live on. Analyze this development and show why three clauses are used where one would do for clearness.

when he is old. Why was it fitting to go into the details of this idea?

moroseness. Point out in the paragraph the opposite virtues to these vices.

II

Newman's "native manner . . . was abundant, elegant, polished, rising to sublimity when the speaker was inspired by religious fervor, sinking to an almost piercing melancholy when the frail tenor of human hopes affected him, barbed with wit and ironic humor when the passion of battle seized him." Gosse: *Modern English Literature.*

What would you point out as the best illustrations of this criticism in *The Second Spring?* What paragraphs come nearest to the three stages mentioned?

III

1. How beautiful. This sentence and the three following amplify the thought that natural virtue is beautiful. The beauty is compared to a flower and the virtues are specifically mentioned. In like manner develop the following topics, making choice of a different comparison:

The Second Spring is a noble sermon.
Homer is a great poet.
Aviation is a thrilling sport.
The ocean is a sublime spectacle.

2. **Wait till youth.** Man's moral nature changes more from youth to age than does his physical nature. The circumstances that reflect the change are mentioned. Describe on the model of this sentence the differences between summer and winter, night and day, health and sickness.

3. Write a paragraph modelled upon this one. Have a consistent picture in your imagination while your write. Subjects:

The rise and fall of Rome.
The launching and wreck of a vessel.
The election and treason of Judas.
The fascinations and dangers of success.
The beginning and results of intemperance.

5. I

Such is man. What two functions does the first sentence perform?

Man's works are mortal. How are the subject and predicate of this topic sentence expressed in the paragraph? Does the thought advance in definiteness? Study the statements of the same idea in the preceding paragraphs also and appreciate the aptness of each statement in its context.

Powers, etc., come to nought; The Roman. In what relation do these two sentences stand?

Imperial City. What is the gain effected by substituting this paraphrase for Rome?

If you had no more than the first five paragraphs could you tell what the speaker was aiming at? Would the text, the circumstances of time and place give a sufficient clue to the speaker's purpose in elaborating the contrast between nature and man? Is such suspense desirable in a speech?

Write a summary of the first five paragraphs. Avail yourself of the topic sentences. Write a tabular analysis of the same.

Thus man and all. Why is this statement paragraphed?

II

"And a striking testimony to the inevitable grace of Newman's periods was borne by others, not much conversant with books, who, after reading him once, felt as if they had always known what he set before them. Perhaps the explanation is that, however fresh or recondite his thoughts, he, like Walter Scott, attired them in the natural yet not commonplace terms of the current language. He never could be quaint, odd or affected; he went up to the heights as by steps that were visible to all. If, on certain subjects he remained obscure, even to himself, as he confesses in a charming letter of his old age, the reason cannot be found in his choice of words, but lies below them. Thus he is the opposite of Carlyle, whose vocabulary we learn as though a foreign tongue, which is in fact made harder still by what Johnson would term its "anfractuosities"—a prophet's dialect, not the medium by which the men in the street talk to one another. Newman's on the contrary is common English made perfect." Barry: *Cardinal Newman.*

III

1. The noblest efforts. In this sentence some of man's works are enumerated. The choice of words is good and their expression apt; "conquests made," "doctrines originated," etc. Develop according to this model through a sentence or a paragraph:

The glories of Autumn must perish.

Perseverance means success.

The qualities of Cicero rank him among the great orators.

The attractiveness of vice invites disaster.

The works of the spirit endure.

The teacher's labor will last.

Youth passes away.

2. The contrast between the material and moral world is developed in the first five paragraphs. In a similar way develop the analogy between the rise of a storm and growth of a passion, between man's life and the course of a stream,

between the invasion of Europe by barbarians and a flood; contrast the conquest of the world to Christ and the conquest of war.

6. I

What is it. Curiosity is aroused and sustained through two paragraphs. Study the gradual clarifying of the idea from the indefinite "What is it," and justify the long suspense.

possessed of a more perfect mechanism. Why did not the speaker say, "Had we a better telescope"? What effect would such a substitution have on the tone of the speech?

my Fathers. The style is growing more oratorical. The speaker makes more direct reference to his audience. Can you give indications of this?

commotion, violent. The speaker has a picture in his imagination to which he compares the phenomenon. Note the different terms which without undue forcing suggest the comparison Cfr. 4.

Every party in the body politic. This sentence is developed in the next one. What is the method used? Account for the order of details. There are various collective nouns. Are they properly applied?

II

"The strength, the richness, the pliability, the acuteness, the subtlety, the spiritualness, the beauty, the manifold resources of the English language are all brought out under Newman's hand, as under the hand of no other English author. 'Athanasius is a great writer,' says Newman, 'simple in his diction, clear, unstudied, direct, vigorous, elastic, and above all, characteristic.' All of which I repeat of Newman himself, and especially this—he is above all characteristic. If the English language has an angel residing in it and presiding over it, surely Newman is that angel. Or, at the least, the angel who has the guardianship of the English language committed to him, must surely have handed his own pen to Newman as often as that master has

sat down to write English. No other writer in the English language has ever written it quite like Newman. Every preface of his, every title page of his, every dedication of his and advertisement of his, every footnote, every parenthesis of his, has a stamp upon it that at once makes you say—that is Newman! He is simply inimitable. He is simply alone as a writer and has no fellow. No wonder he says that the only master of style he ever had was Cicero." Whyte: *Newman.*

III

1. **Every party in the body politic undergoes its influence.** Develop in like manner, choosing when necessary, appropriate collective nouns:

Every species of gregarious animals is helped by association.

"Every sentence of Newman bears his mark."

Every religion testifies to the existence and public worship of God.

Every association is a proof of the power of union.

2. There is novelty in the paragraph because of the comparison and the device of imagining a sister planet from which to view the scene. Describe in the same way the growth of a passion like a plant watched under a microscope. With appropriate comparison and device give the history of some great movement like the Christian Church, the Crusades, the French Revolution and the Abolition of Slavery.

7. I

phenomenon. There are many such terms applied to the restoration of the English Church in this and the preceding paragraph. In what order do they occur? Would there be a loss if the order was changed?

The past never returns. The insistent cries of men of the day reiterating the inevitableness of the past.

The past has returned. Curiosity is gradually satisfied.

The English Church was. The reason of the elaborate contrast between man and nature is revealed; an exception to the law is proved; the subject of the sermon is at length announced; the application of the text made clear. Would there be a loss or gain if the sermon began with the last three sentences of this paragraph? In preceding paragraphs the topic was revealed at once; in this and the immediately preceding the topic was concealed. Why this difference?

The greater part of the preceding paragraph is descriptive; this paragraph is largely argumentative. Can you point out any change in the forms of the sentences, due to the change in the character of the discourse?

II

"There was first the style, always simple, refined and unpretending and without a touch of anything which could be called Rhetoric, but always marked by a depth of feeling which evidently sprang from the heart and experience of the speaker and penetrated by a suppressed vein of the poetry which was so strong a feature in Newman's mind, and which appealed at once to the hearts and the highest feelings of his hearers. His language had the perfect grace which comes from uttering deep and affecting truths in the most natural and appropriate words. Then, as he entered into his subject more fully, the preacher seemed to enter into the very minds of his hearers, and, as it were, to reveal them to themselves, and to tell them their very innermost thoughts. There was rarely or never anything which could be called a burst of feeling; but both of thought and suppressed feeling there was every variety, and you were always conscious that you were in the hands of a man who was a perfect master of your heart, and was equally powerful to comfort and to warn you. Is it too much to say of such addresses that they were unlike anything that we have ever heard before, and that we have never heard or read anything similar to them in our after-life?" Lake: *Memorials.*

III

1. **Thrones are overturned.** In this and the next sentence you have the class followed by individuals of the class. Why are those particular individuals chosen? Mark the predicates before you answer. Make some assertion about the following classes and then prove your assertion by individuals: novels, battles, historians, saints, mountains, poems, games, cities.

2. For an imitation of the whole paragraph continue the subjects given under 6.

8. I

pride of place. Note the terms applied to the Church and say whether you think the speaker pictured it to himself under one consistent image throughout.

enthroned—based. Would there be a loss if these and the other verbs here were interchanged?

Canterbury, York, St. Augustine, St. Dunstan. Would such an accumulation of names be in place in an essay? What order is followed? How is monotony avoided?

And then too. The unexpected question at the end, breaking in upon the grammatical regularity of the sentence, is characteristic of oratory. The fulness of detail, the very build of the sentences with their rhythm and balance make this a good oratorical paragraph.

stood, seemed destined to stand. In this description of the Church the elements that would likely ensure its permanence are insisted upon. Compare the description of the English Church found in Newman's sermon, *Christ upon the Waters*. The description begins with, "It is an old story and a familiar." To describe, not so much the strength, as the peace and beauty of the Church made up of converts from paganism is the speaker's purpose in the latter case. The choice, order and expression of details are well worth contrasting in both places.

II

"Nor has he marked affinity with English writers of his day. He is strikingly different from Macaulay, whose eloquence betrays the fury, as it is annealed in the fire, of the western Celt. He composes in a language that seems tame when we read Carlyle's epic of the Revolution; and, in fact, it is the style of Oxford, not of Ecclefechan. To Ruskin, who deliberately built up a monument, stately as the palace of Kubla-Khan, he is a contrast for the very reason that he does not handle words as if they were settings in architecture or colors on a palette; rather, he would look upon them as transparencies that let his meaning through. He is more like DeQuincey, but again no player upon the organ for the sake of its music; and that which is common to both is the literary tradition of the eighteenth century, enhanced by a power to which abstract and concrete yielded in almost equal degree." Barry; *Cardinal Newman.*

III

Before you write paragraphs upon this model fix well in your mind the purpose for which you write and the precise point you would establish. There will be more color and unity to the paragraph if you have a comparison before you, but avoid forcing the resemblance. Let it be felt and suggested. That the Church stood in pride of place is shown by its power, its intercessors, its completeness, its popularity. Subjects:

Athens in its glory; Jerusalem before its destruction; Rome before its fall; a soul before sin; a forest before a fire; Ireland before its conquest; an army before the battle; the Indians in America before the white men; a city or building before its ruin by any disaster; Cæsar before his assassination; Wolsey before his fall.

9. I

The English Church was not.

Vivifying principle. A comparison is felt through the paragraph. Note in what words and phrases.

Oh, that miserable day. The emotion is more pronounced as befits the topic. Mention as many points as you can of contrast in style between this and the preceding paragraph, especially in the matter of emotion.

blotted out, hacked piecemeal, shovelled away. Do such words jar when compared with the usual vocabulary of the Sermon? Why are they found here? Are there other similar words?

shadow of St. Peter. Acts v, 15. Why is this statement particularly appropriate to the loss of the Church in England?

III

"In the main Newman is a representative of that perfected plain Georgian style which has been more than once indicated as the best for all purposes in English. It is in him refined still further by an extra dose of classical and academic correctness, flavored with quaint though never over-mannered turns of phrase, and shot in every direction with a quintessential individuality, rarely attempting (though never failing when it does attempt) the purely rhetorical, but instinct with a strange quiver of religious and poetical spirit." Saintsbury: *Short History of English Literature.*

How many of these characteristic traits can you illustrate from this Sermon?

III

Carry on the subjects suggested in the preceding paragraph, describing the fall of Rome, etc. Keep to one comparison consistently but with taste.

10. I

If this paragraph is taken as a little speech in itself, what would be the proposition, the point at issue and other parts of a speech?

Catholic Church in the country. The designations of the Church grow more and more contemptuous. "Roman Catholics" is used often and in quotation marks. Why?

Here a set of poor Irishmen. Does this fact prove the proposition? Is the speaker's point of view illustrated by the choice and the expression of the fact? Test each detail in the same way.

And then, again, we might. Consider the occasion upon which the sermon was delivered and say whether this detail deserved to be put last. The sentence might have been, "And then, again, we might hear that there was this difference," etc. What would be lost by omitting the diffuseness of statement? Compare the famous pleonasm in *The Present Position of Catholics*. "She (the Catholic Church) shall be always worsted in the warfare with Protestantism: ever unhorsed and disarmed; ever running away, ever prostrated, ever smashed and pounded, ever dying, ever dead, and the only wonder is that she has to be killed so often, and the life so often trodden out of her, and her priests and doctors so often put down, and her monks and nuns to be exposed so often, and such vast sums to be subscribed by Protestants, and such societies to be kept up, and such millions of tracts to be written, and such persecuting acts to be passed in Parliament in order thoroughly, and once for all, and for the very last time, and for ever and ever to annihilate her once more." Lect. 1.

II

"Newman's two volumes of Roman Catholic Sermons are in many ways very unlike his Anglican Sermons. Over and above the new note of certitude and finality that was to be expected in them, over and above the complete disappearance of that provisional, precautionary, pioneering,

attitude that Newman so much took up in his St. Mary's Sermons, there are some other new features in his Catholic Sermons that both surprise the student of Newman's mind and demand his explanation of these remarkable alterations in Newman's mind and work. For one thing there is far less bitterness and unfairness to his opponents when he becomes controversial. His temper has improved. He is more genial, if not more generous. The too frequent tone of irritation and impatience; the far too frequent slings of scorn and contempt have all but vanished. Also his pulpit wings now spread out and bear the preacher aloft as never before; he has a far larger horizon before the eye of his imagination, and he surveys a far larger scope behind, and before, and all around. At his best he was a tethered eagle in St. Mary's pulpit; he is now the untrammelled sovereign of the whole spiritual sky. . . . There was a restraint of thought and of style in Newman's Oxford sermons, there was in them a refinement and delicacy also that has all but wholly disappeared from the Birmingham and Dublin sermons. And in the removal of both the restraint and the refinement and the delicacy, there has entered in the room of these qualities a new freedom of treatment, a new movement as of a great drama, a new depth and a new breadth of color; an abandonment, so to speak, to the truth in hand; a surrender up of himself to the full possession of the passion that the sight of 'the last things' should produce, as he holds, in every preacher." Whyte: *Newman.*

Do you think the "larger horizon," the "drama," the "surrender" to passion are exemplified in the Sermon?

10. III

Write a paragraph after this model, describing America or any other country or city as it would appear to a prejudiced outsider or some study as it seems to an indolent student. Even if the topic in two descriptions is the same, the treatment will differ from the point of view of the author. A stranger and an alumnus may both wish to show a

certain college to be the best. The details and their expression will differ in the two cases. Other subjects:

The negro, the Indian, poetry.

11. I

Three paragraphs are given to the topic, The English Church was not, and only one to the topic, The English Church was. Why is this ratio proper?

Such was about. Although the sentences in this argumentative paragraph have not all the variety in form they have elsewhere, yet for that reason it is well to note, even where the style is least emotional, the differences in the build of each sentence, the number and kind of the clauses, and the choice of position in the phrases out of several possible arrangements.

gens lucifuga. Is the citing of Latin to be approved? Who composed the audience?

II

"The matter of his discourse, whether sermon, speech or lecture, is always admirable, and the language is concise, scholarly, expressive, perhaps a little overweighted with thought." Justin McCarthy: *Modern Leaders.*

"His chief literary qualities seem to me to be the great vividness and force of the illustrations with which he presses home his deepest thoughts; the depth, the subtlety, and the delicacy of his insight into the strange power and stranger waywardness of the human conscience and affections; the vivacity of his imagination when he endeavors to restore the past and to vivify the present; the keenness of his irony; not unfrequently the breadth and raciness of his humor, and the exquisite pathos of which he was master." Hutton: *Essays.*

Do you agree with the details of these criticisms judging from this Sermon?

12. I

This paragraph is more oratorical in nature than the preceding. Point out indications of the livelier tone. Why should it be so?

It was a miracle. The balance in these three sentences resembles Macaulay's. The repetition of the words is also characteristic of the same author. A close reading will show that Newman seems to avoid this style in other places. Point out here where a more perfect balance was not attempted. He might have said, "No one would have prophesied its rise again."

II

His "best sermons and controversial essays display a delicate and flexible treatment of language, without emphasis, without oddity, which hardly arrests any attention at first—but which in course of time fascinates . . . as a thing miraculous in its limpid grace and suavity." "The faults to which his writing became in a measure a victim in later years" are "redundancy, excess of color, languor and inelasticity of his periods." Gosse: *Modern English Literature.*

The critic contrasts Newman with Carlyle and Macaulay. Apply the criticism, here, if possible, although the critic may not have had this Sermon especially in mind.

III

an awful contrast. The contrast between the two states of the Church is carried out through three balanced sentences with some further definition of the thought in each case. In a like balanced style but with a change of vocabulary write three sentences, contrasting the United States before and after the Civil War, a scene in winter and in spring, an army before and after defeat, the world before and after Christianity, the rise of Japan to be a great power, the career of Alexander.

Has the whole course. The contrast is proved wonderful

by its uniqueness in history. After stating the above contrasts prove them and to round off your paragraph repeat your topic with change of form in the last sentence. Such a paragraph, containing the statement, the explanation, the proof, the emotional development and the repetition of a topic is known to rhetoricians as a *Collectio*. Ad Herenn. II, 18; Kleutgen, 408.

13. I

There was one. John Milner, D.D. (1752–1826), vicar apostolic and titular bishop of Castabala. By putting this prophecy upon Milner's lips, Newman gives his statement variety, makes it acceptable to the old Catholics who were inclined to be suspicious of the new convert (Ward's *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, II, 207), imparts by it a special solemnity to the central part of the speech, and finds in it an opportunity for describing indirectly through Milner much which could not be given so well in his own person. It is an imaginative device resembling that of 6, but far more effective.

I see. Point out the traits of style which give this and the following paragraph the nature of a prophecy.

circling in the space. In earlier editions there was no paragraph begun after these words. Do you approve of the division? Where else might a paragraph division be made?

II

Newman "always began as if he had determined to set forth his idea of the truth in the plainest and simplest language. But his ardent zeal and fine poetical imagination were not thus to be controlled. As I hung upon his words, it seemed to me as if I could trace behind his will, and pressing, so to speak, against it, a rush of thought and feelings which he kept struggling to hold back, but in the end they were generally too strong for him and poured themselves out in a torrent of eloquence all the more impetuous

for having been so long repressed. The effect of these outbursts was irresistible and carried his hearers beyond themselves at once." Doyle: *Reminiscences and Opinions.*

Apply this description to this and the following paragraphs. Is it true of them?

14. I

And there. . . . And there. Newman is fond of such solemn enumerations, which have the effect of stately roll-calls. Compare 8 and the similar description of the English Church in *Christ upon the Waters.*

that ancient style of art. Why not say Gothic at once?

And then there comes a vision. This passage for several sentences might have read: "Twelve bishops, a cardinal, Benedictines, Dominicans, Jesuits and other religious were there." Instead of that bald brevity we have somewhat elaborate paraphrases. What do they accomplish? Strive to account for each trait chosen. Why, for example, mention the "royal dye of empire and of martyrdom"? How would the reporter of a daily paper describe the first synod? How a historian? See a description in Ward: *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman,* Vol. II, 59.

II

"All the resources of a master of English style—except, perhaps, one, description—were at his command; pure diction, clear arrangement, irony, dignity, a copious command of words, combined with a reserve in the use of them —all these qualities went to make up the charm of Newman's style, the finest flower that the earliest system of a purely classical education has produced." Jacobs: *Literary Studies.* Any reader of Callista is competent to pronounce on the exception mentioned in this criticism. Does Newman show powers of description in this sermon? Find instances, if possible, of all the qualities enumerated by the critic.

III

Describe a vision of peace as seen by a mother whose husband or son is off to the wars; or a vision of war to an ambitious young soldier; of a city's changes in fifty years; of the marvels of science and invention of our time a century ago; of spring in the depth of winter. Imagine a Catholic missionary describing to American Indians the Catholic Church of to-day.

15. I

The preacher now launches out into vehemence of style and into the full tide of emotion. Point out as many differences in style as you can between this and paragraph 11.

Form a Church. Note the various descriptions of the restoration of the hierarchy. How many different images are invoked here and elsewhere?

Shall the past be rolled back? Justify the varied reiteration of the same idea in this context.

Shine on us, dear Lady, with thy bright countenance. This thought is dwelt upon in the next sentence. The metaphor is delicately sustained.

II

"As Ruskin may be said to have built his lofty prose on the Sacred text, familiar to his awakening sense of beauty in words, so Newman, while shrinking fastidiously from an application which he would have thought profane, was taught by it the grave severity, the chastened color, and the passionate yet reserved tone, that lends to his sermons a more than human power." "Newman's intense reserve combined with his Puritan training to make him as formal, in his first literary efforts, as Ruskin when he was composing his Modern Painters at twenty-four. But while Ruskin matured his Johnsonian style into one still more splendid, the Oxford preacher, who had to speak face to face with living men, sharpened and shortened his own, until it might

be compared to the rapid fire of musketry in which every shot told. It was always academic, never popular." Barry: *Cardinal Newman.*

Can you detect anything Johnsonian in the Sermon? Point out instances of sharpening and shortening.

III

1. Express in all the ways possible the sentence, The Church is restored, using phrases found in the sermon.

2. The subjects assigned in 14 may be carried over to this paragraph, for its first and last part at least.

16. I

The paragraph might be divided at, "And we have already." Would you make the division?

done in a corner. Newman scatters these homely idioms through his writings. Have you noticed any others in this Sermon?

And we have already. Arrange the words and phrases of this sentence in other possible orders. Can you better the present one?

store of merits. This idea receives varied expression.

The long imprisonment. A good oratorical period. Why? How would the details be grouped in delivery? Would there be the same length of pause at each comma? Try to shift the various adjectives around without loss.

Are the martyrs to cry . . . and to cry. Mention other instances here of such repetitions. Why are they in place?

What changes would be made in the style if this paragraph were to form part of an essay?

II

"In all these ways, then, by his idiomatic and colloquial phrasing, by his specific vocabulary, by his delicately adroit use of metaphors, by his carefully elaborated imagery, and by his wealth of examples and illustrations, Newman keeps

resolutely to the concrete, and imparts everywhere to his style warmth, vividness, color, convincing actuality." Gates: *Newman as a Prose-writer*.

If you were asked to select paragraphs as most illustrative of "these ways," what one would you choose for each way?

III

1. **but Martyrs too.** The outcry raised against the establishment of the hierarchy made Newman develop the idea of possible Martyrs. If he were writing to-day, he would more likely speak of the need of Doctors and Preachers. Write such a paragraph insisting on the need of men to explain and defend the Catholic Faith.

2. **And we have already.** We have a statement here, repeated more definitely in the next sentence, then proved for two sentences. A long sentence develops the proof by enumerating the sufferings in detail and finally the thought is insisted upon in forceful paraphrases and additional proofs full of feeling. In general, the first sentences develop the subject and the latter sentences develop the predicate of the topic in this part of the paragraph.

3. Subjects for the whole passage or at least for the long sentence, "the long imprisonment":

The soldiers who died for their country should be honored.
Are the labors of a student to have no results?
Must the study of the Greek and Latin classics go?
A father expostulates with his son for ingratitude.
The beauties of art are lost upon many. (So of poetry, eloquence, nature on land or sea.)
The marvels of scientific discovery and invention excite our admiration.
Christ complains of the fruitlessness of His life and death.

17. I

Something for what. Compare this second sentence with the last of the paragraph. Study the difference between the general and the particular, the plain and figurative

statement of the same thought. Recall previous examples of such advance from the indefinite to the definite.

bright promise. There is some alliteration. When have there been other instances? What justifies here the use of such art, comparatively rare in prose?

II

"His discourses were poems, but transcripts too from the soul, reasonings in a heavenly dialect, and views of life, seen under innumerable lights, as from some Pisgah-mount of vision. They can be read after all the years for their illustrations, their lucid English, their exquisite brief touches of pathos, their creative faculty, as real as Dante's, yet altogether different, by which they call up the dead or the past or the invisible to our shrinking presence. Newman never paints. He deals not in colors as Carlyle; he is without dimensions; for him (and let us bear it in mind) not the eye but the ear is that spiritual organ to which revelation is vouchsafed. His sentences glide upon a musical scale; he flows along as a river; is not fixed on canvas; in all his pages it would be hard to find a portrait of the outward man. His method may he termed introspection, but so deep and persistent that it leaves a feeling of concrete substance; and this we shall assume to be the Hebrew genius, exemplified in the Psalms, which show us landscape but no human features, or in St. Paul the artist of moods beyond painting."

"What should we anticipate from a work called 'Discourses to Mixed Congregations'? Dreary polemics, or expostulation in the nature of those tracts we see lying about in a railroad waiting-room? It turns out to be perhaps the most powerful pleading of its kind for religion that our language contains. The inward fire has reached to the surface; it glows with conviction; argument, imagery, example, shine translucent in a prophetic atmosphere, solemn as that of the Sistine, with a last judgment hanging in our sight, fixed there forever. This was Newman's

nearest approach to the pictured style, though always symbolic." Barry: *Cardinal Newman.*

Mention some things which make his "sentences glide upon a musical scale." Have we not some brief sketches of the "outward man" in the Sermon, of one "when he is old," of an elderly "Roman Catholic," of Mary's "bright countenance"? Would these prove exceptions to the critic's statement, or is "introspection" characteristic of the preacher in the Sermon?

III

With the general subject, "There are difficulties yet to come," model a paragraph on this one. Take a different audience, a different difficulty and a different comparison. Speak to college graduates, to soldiers, to reformed criminals, to office-holders, to Americans. It is helpful to take a particular instance or to imagine your words spoken by some historical character: v.g., Columbus, Napoleon, Washington, etc.

18. I

our need—our strength. Trace the development of these ideas in the next sentence. Is there climax in the arrangement of the balanced clauses? Some slight changes are made to avoid monotony in the almost similar phrases: note them.

One thing I am. The sentences are longer and more periodic here than usual. Why? Study the long sentences in the sermon and notice how they vary in construction.

You, who day by day. This sentence might be put briefly: "You who daily offer the Sacrifice of the Mass, will not be frightened, whatever the future may be." Is it forcible so to expand and paraphrase the thought at this point of the sermon? Note that certain details are brought out in the paraphrase because they are needed for the thought. Suppose the statement was: "You who daily offer the sacrifice of the Mass are a highly favored class," what points would be emphasized in the paraphrase?

II

"Dr. Newman's sentences sometimes fall upon the ear like well-considered and final judgments, each word being weighed and counted out with dignity and precision; but at other times the demeanor and language of the judge are hastily abandoned and substituted for them, we encounter the impetuous torrent—the captivating rhetoric, the brilliant imagery, the frequent examples, the repetition of the same idea in different words, of the eager and accomplished advocate addressing men of like passions with himself." Birrell: *Res Judicatae.*

Can you furnish instances of the two classes of sentences which would illustrate this criticism?

III

1. One thing alone. Make a similar short proposition and then develop it in a second sentence with progress and balance as in the model. Take for subjects:

Sin and its retribution.
Virtue and its rewards.
The study of literature and its advantages.
A mother's love and its sacrifices for a child in pain or grief.
The battle and its victory.
The study of history and its lessons.

2. I do not say. Briefly the sentence would read: "What you might not be able to do by yourself, you could do by the help of heaven." Extend the above subjects through a sentence built upon this model.

3. **You who day by day.** According to this model, develop the following subjects:

"In the lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail."
The loyal patriot (American, etc.) fears no danger.
The true student shirks no labor. (Take some special pursuit.)
The reader of the Gospels should practise virtue.

He who knows the scenery of America need not seek scenery elsewhere.

The man with a liberal education is equipped for life.

19. I

In what other places in the sermon might this and the following paragraph be placed? Where does Newman speak of the religious orders present at the Synod? Why were the Oratorians not mentioned there? Can you justify this postscript? Does it not impair the unity of the composition?

conflict. Note how this metaphor shows itself here and there in the paragraph.

Salvete flores martyrum. First line of the hymn for Lauds on the Feast of the Holy Innocents. It forms part of a larger poem of Prudentius.

What time. This is not the common phrase. Why is it used? Can you point out any other words of the same tone?

II

"Newman is never clumsy, never crude, but always graceful, always mellowed." Birrell: *Res Judicatæ*.

Apply this criticism to the apology here and to paragraphs 10, 12 13, where Newman is careful of his statements. One way of testing the gracefulness is to try to transpose the clauses or phrases in the sentences.

20. I

Bear with me, set out on his travels. These simple and idiomatic English phrases come in as they are needed, with taste, without affectation, leavening the style. Pick out such phrases in the preceding paragraph and in others.

As he was with you. The balance in this sentence is excellent and yet it is not made too pointed. Could the three concluding infinitive phrases be transposed without harm to the sense?

II

"Letters, stories, sermons belong to the full description of a man whose language, always sincere, was wrought up little by little to a finish and a refinement, a strength and a subtlety, thrown into the forms of eloquence, beyond which no English writer of prose has gone. It had its limits, at least in the using. But there seems to be no subject, no character to which it would not be equal. It is invariably just, tender, penetrating, animated, decisive and weighty. It is eminently pure. It has learned to smile; it can be entertaining, humorous, pleading, indignant, as its creator wills. It lends grace and persuasive charm to the most recondite of arguments. It is at once English of the centre and Newman's own style, inimitable because it is natural. By it he will live when the questions upon which it was employed have sunk below the horizon, or appear above it in undreamt-of shapes; for it is in itself a thing of light and beauty, a treasure from the classic past, an inheritance bequeathed to those peoples and continents which shall bear onwards to far-off ages the language and literature that entitled England to a place beside Rome and Hellas in the world's chronicle." Barry; *Cardinal Newman.*

General Exercises

1. Give headlines for the different pages of the Sermon, and headings for the paragraphs or for groups of paragraphs which would serve to be inserted in the text.

2. How is the paragraph usually constructed? Where is the topic sentence put, if found? How is the thought conducted through the paragraph? How does the style at the beginning and end of paragraphs differ?

3. Write reviews of the Sermon to bring out different features of it: the use of the Scripture, the biblical style, the nature and source of the comparisons and the metaphors, the vocabulary, the variety of sentence form, the different qualities of style such as proportion and harmony, the concern for the audience, the sources of argumentation, the feelings appealed to.

4. The Sermon could be summarized with a view to treating one of the above topics, dwelling on the parts which would illustrate the points and hurrying over the other parts.

5. Illustrate the relative space given to different topics by lines of different lengths. Depict the rise and fall of earnestness or the occurrence of ornate and simpler style by lines or geometrical figures. The various emotions may be described by different symbols or colors.

6. Mention the traits of Newman's style which are common to more than two of the critics whose opinions are quoted.

APPENDIX

[The following exercises in *The Second Spring* were done as part of regular class-work according to the methods described in this edition. They are published just as they were handed in with the exception of some few changes here and there of a word. They are likely to prove better than the average grade of such work because done by more mature students and specially chosen out of a large number of exercises.

It will be noted that one model may serve for many subjects, often widely different. This sometimes results in a certain incongruity between the style and the subject. In some instances, too, the same model has been used for several compositions on the same subject. Such exercises were thought sufficiently interesting to present in order to show what different thoughts and treatment may result even with the same original.

Those who have had little acquaintance with this method of composition-work are requested to remember that these are class exercises and frankly imitative. It is not to be inferred, therefore, that in writing it is advisable to cling to any model in such a way as to impair originality or detract from sincerity of style. The practising of scales, the copying of masterpieces are useful stages for beginners in art. An analogous exercise has been shown by the experience of many writers of many periods to be useful in the art of composition. Further information on the working of the method may be found in the author's *Imitation and Analysis*, Allyn & Bacon, Boston, New York and Chicago].

EXAMPLES OF EXERCISES MODELLED ON "THE SECOND SPRING"

Nature's Revelation.

1. We have witness of the excellence, beauty and power of the invisible Creator in the visible universe which surrounds us. Poor and defective as is every part of it, rough and shapeless as are the materials, weak and dependent as are its elements, still we can trace the perfection it reveals. It moves with the grace of dignity, it is ruled by the hand of authority; and, though it is ever subservient, it is ever above man's control. Its mutability does but give birth to perfect order, and one change is the precursor of unvaried constancy. Each hour, as it comes, is a testimony, how complete, how regular and how firm is the great system. It is like a mirror, which, though poor in itself, perfectly reveals the beauty it reflects. Splendor upon splendor, and one splendor combines with another, like the colors of the rainbow, to manifest the wisdom and the potency of God. The sun rises in majesty; the moon reigns in glory, with her reflected light, as stately as an empress on her throne. Spring passes into summer, autumn into winter and day into night, only the more surely to show forth the providence and direction of their guiding hand. We admire the sculptures of Michael Angelo, because they display his art; but we know, withal, that they are only clay shaped by a master's hand—which teaches us in a moment of reflection, what excellence designed the beauty we behold, and what power brought it to completion.

The Rock Everlasting

1. The Catholic Church perseveres in history amidst many persecutions. Few as are her heroes, tepid and indifferent as are her subjects, bitter and heartless as are her enemies, still she is strong. Founded on solidity, sustained by omnipotence, persecution does but add strength to strength; the blood of martyrs fructifies the soil, rendering

to the granaries of the Lord harvest a hundred fold. While monks are being banished from France, their holy houses ransacked and ruined, at the very moment the government shuts the doors of the Catholic school in the face of hungering children, Japan is receiving with open arms her Jesuits exiled during many years. Round about the Church hostile sects are ever springing up, but they perish quickly, leaving the true beacon light to shine over the wild seas of life. She has the rock-built solidity of Christ, never changing, ever enduring, forever proof against the gates of Hell. Theorists dazzle for a space, pretended reformations flourish and die, opinions are uncertain, ideas are changing, but the one, true, Catholic, Apostolic Roman Church, that received Christ's authority with Peter's keys, will persevere with both to the end—she alone is true, trustworthy, immutable. And every morning you will see her priests ascending the altar to renew the tragedy of Calvary—'for from the rising of the sun, even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles and in every place there is a sacrifice and there is offered to my name a clear oblation."

Man, the Master of Creation

1. We are all conscious of the superiority and kingship of man over God's creation. Weak and impotent against the fury of its beasts, ignorant of the lurking death in many of its plants, yet he rules. He is marked out by the image of the Creator, he is lifted up by his immortal soul; and though his strength may succumb, his mind sways all. The hunter, the chemist, as they pursue their various ways, how weak, how insignificant in the presence of the monsters and the forces of nature, yet how secure are they and how certain in their work! It is as a cork that is tossed on the waves of the sea—it is unharmed and rides the waves, though they roll ever so furiously. Elements and forces of nature all present themselves, like patient oxen, to be hitched to the plough by their masters. The water bears him whither he wills, the wind carries him aloft as if it were his element. Fire and water combine and by their aid

he brings forth another manacled force. This, which he calls electricity, he uses, though he knows not its nature, but he does know that it is part of creation—one of those creatures whose power is immeasurable, which makes him in his feeble strength and half-wise intellect adore the vastness of God.

The Rock of Peter

1. The Catholic Church perseveres in history amid many changes. Hard and difficult as are its doctrines, weak and helpless as are its children, still it lives on. The bloody death of its martyrs seems but to water the soil for a denser growth of new Christian heroes. Each storm that blows over it, each wave of heresy and oppression that threatens to engulf it, retreats in moaning and wild confusion from the great rock of Peter, on which Christ has built His church. Kingdoms rise and fall and their names and memories burden the pages of history hardly any longer than the lives of their founders. The kingdoms of an Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, crumble and mingle their dust with the ashes of their rulers, but the kingdom of God—the beautiful land of love and peaceful happiness—more lasting than the eternal hills—is as young and solid to-day as on its birthday, two thousand years ago. Atheism, Agnosticism and Protestantism totter and waver, and battle in vain against the church of Rome. Everything round about her may change and die in the pages of history, but the grand old Catholic faith abides. The very priests, the monks, the nuns, the popes, may grow now fervent, now lukewarm, but its ideals remain unaltered. The depths of the Catacombs hid for a while its few and helpless progeny, but the grace of God warmed and watered the feeble seed and propagated its beautiful flowers throughout the world. Through countless storms and tempests, through long droughts of desolation and martyrdom, through deluges of iniquity and oppression, like the mighty trees of the West, the faith of our fathers has stood firm and prospered, sheltered by the grace of God and fondly protected by

Him Who is ever with us, and Who by His presence teaches us that, though the sea be rough and dark, His light is always there, and though the icy winds and tempests roar and rage, His tender Providence is watching over His church till the end of time.

THE FOLLOWERS OF THE WORLD AND THOSE OF CHRIST

1. We are daily witnesses of the perversity and fickleness of the followers of the world. Obstinate and self-willed as they are, strong and deep-rooted as are their evil habits, inexorable as are their passions, still they are fickle. They are found full of daring, yet fear holds them fast; and though powerful in numbers, their very conduct is weakness. Their waywardness is but a result of their fickleness, and every concession made to passion is productive of greater inconstancy. Each sin committed is but an indication, how faltering, unsteady, wavering, is the sinner's heart. It is like a raging furnace which softens the steel of perseverance in the same degree as its own sinful ardor increases. . . .

2. And striking as this truth may appear, not less striking is the contrast which we perceive between the followers of Mammon, so weak, so changing amid all their stubborness, and those of Christ, so strong, so constant, so inflexible amid all their failings. Those who boast of earthly power will die with time, those who humbly follow Christ will rise with Him and live forever. The worldly monarch reigns in glory; soon he is no more, and the princely palace and costly monuments share his fate; but where is there in heaven the Saint, the Martyr, the Confessor, the faithful Virgin, the holy Doctor, who was humble after Christ's example, and is not exalted now? . . .

3. This constancy of the follower of Christ is, in the first place, one of the fruits of his virtuous and regular life. We look upon the constancy of the true Christian with wonder and admiration: and the more steadfast his conduct, with admiration so much the more. And whatever his constancy may be, soon it begins to be strengthened and increased by the very habits of a regular life. . . .

4. So again, is this constancy a grace bestowed by God, as a reward, upon the virtuous soul. It begins as a result of repeated virtuous acts; it matures in the warm rays of God's holy grace. How admirable is the natural strength of character of an upright man, which we see outlined in all his actions. Beautiful as may be this firmness, more beautiful far, in its brilliant light and heavenly wisdom, is the constancy crowned with God's grace. It shines in the soul like a never-setting sun, so sure, so necessary, so reliable. . . .

5. Constant as is the follower of Christ in himself, constant is he also in his works. The virtuous acts of his will, the victories over passion, the sacrifices he has made, the poor he has clothed, the hungry he has fed—the merit of all these actions lives with him upon earth, lives with him in heaven, making for him a crown eternal. The pompous deeds of worldly men are buried with them in their graves, sooner or later they are forgotten, forgotten to be remembered again, neither by man, nor by God, except for judgment. But the glory of the just and constant man endureth forever.

Palm Sunday to Good Friday

4. Take the history of one week of our Lord's life: Palm Sunday to Good Friday: it began with honor, it ended with what is worse than mere loss of honor—with a shameful death. How dreadful a thing is human ingratitude, when it begins its baleful reign, and asserts and manifests its sway! Ugly as may be this unthankfulness, uglier far with its iron sceptre and leaden crown is human perversity. It reigns in the heart like some proud king, so strong, so awful, and so defiant. Hardness and coldness of heart and perverseness, the deceiving spirit, the loveless character, the stubborn will, the hardened feelings, the ignoble thought, the mean proposal, the dastardly deed—are these not hateful. And are they not distant far from the crowds that cry "Hosanna" on Palm Sunday? But ah! what a proof of fickleness is there! Who could believe that these crowds were to change their cry of "Hosanna, Hosanna" to "Crucify,

Crucify?" And yet, as darkness follows day, as gloom succeeds splendor, so surely are mockery and blows and bloody deeds to be the outcome of this present joy, when a few days have run their course. There are some shouting "Hosanna forever and ever"; but wait a while, let the space of four days intervene, let the shouting mob come face to face with the Christ in His shame and disgrace and ignominy and abandonment, and alas for the fickleness of human hearts! alas for their varying moods, their inconstancy in any course! Wait till Palm Sunday has become Good Friday, and how changed is the scene we had before us on that day when palm branches were waved in jubilation, when hearts were frenzied with temporary glee; not less changed than when a magic charm has annihilated one object to put another in its place. For revenge and jealousy and hatred are the ordinary courtiers of the king Perversity.

Have We Forgotten our Dead?

4. The sorrow for the dead, keen though it be, will not last long. It begins in excessive grief and ends in what is stranger than death—forgetfulness. How bitter the anguish, when the shock of separation comes upon us and bows us beneath the inscrutable judgments of God. Sad as life may have been, sadder far, in its foreboding gloom, is the grave. It gapes to receive us like some huge monster, so awful, so terrifying, so inevitable. The vacant chair, and the sorrowing home and the weeping mother, the funeral knell, the dismal cemetery, the fresh grave, the mocking epitaph, the dread decree, the eternal separation, are they not sad? Do they not suffice to break the mourner's heart? And ah! what a prospect of woe is there! Who would believe that such grief is destined to cease—yet as the winter turns to spring, so surely will thoughtlessness and heedlessness and forgetfulness in time take sorrow's place if nature but runs its course. There are those who are crushed beneath a terrible blow, and if we believe their sincerity, they will never cease to weep. But wait a while, let nature have its way, let the sorrowing ones mingle in the pleasures of

this distracting world, and alas for the irresolution of our being; alas for its powerlessness to persevere, its insistent disappointing of its promise! Wait till the cloud of bereavement has rolled away, and far different is the picture we have of a man when a mourner, when every feature spoke of grief, put side by side of him now, when the sable robes are put aside, the tear-stained cheek is fresh once more, the eye bright and hopeful, the step buoyant and free. The woes of the past have disappeared before the demands of the present and the dead are forgotten.

The Hudson River

4. The discoverer of the Hudson saw in it its natural beauty, but we see it deformed by prosperity and civilization. Like the noble Indian, the child of nature, who lived on its banks, that beauty has passed away. It bloomed forth in season, so fruitful, so luxuriant, so sublime. The color and shapes of trees and shrubs, the rocky breakwater, the dense verdure of the hills, the barren rock, the precipitate mountain, the sloping valley, the rushing mountain stream, such variety with such similarity—were these not admirable? Who could have believed that they were to be transformed or destroyed? Yet so surely as the waters of the river flowed to the sea, all this natural beauty was to give place to more useful pursuits. There have been mighty scars made on the face of this rural beauty. Go amid the crowded, smoky cities, the black mills and manufactories, the industries, and alas for the beauty that once reigned; alas for the victim of civilization, alas for the ruin caused by the destructive hand of man! Nature and civilization can never dwell together. With pleasure do we hear of the Hudson's beauty when it was permitted to bloom. But how great is our regret when we see it now, when beauty has been diverted to utility, when the mountain stream turns the mill wheel, when the verdant water edge is fringed with railroad ties, when the purity of the tide is poisoned by the waste of millions. For ruin and destruction of natural beauty are the ordinary consequences of civilization.

The Fickleness of the Human Heart

4. The last week of our Lord's life affords a most clear and sorrowful proof of our natural fickleness: it begins amid praises, it ends amid what is worse than mere loss of praise, amid blasphemous curses. How grateful are those loving hearts when they strew palm branches and sing and rejoice upon Christ's entrance into Jerusalem. Large as may have been His former following, larger far with the happy children and jubilant parents, is the present throng. It grows in its progress like some mountain torrent, so vast, so restless, so deafening. The blind man and the man cured of leprosy and the lame, the little child, the tender virgin, the gentle mother, the kind father, the humble fisherman, the penitent publican, the devout follower, the zealous disciple, the apostle whom He has chosen as His friend, do they not sound His praises; and do they not sing out their Hosannas, and call to the son of David, their King, the Messias? and oh! what a prospect of success is here! Who could believe it is all to change! and yet as winter follows the spring, as the storm follows upon the calm, so surely are sufferings, humiliations, blasphemies the issue of these hymns of praise, when poisonous envy has saturated the hearts of these men. There are those whom He cured during the first years of His ministry, and certainly if we may trust their words of gratitude, they will live His constant friends; but wait a while, let them be tried, let the power of passion have sway, let this generous heart feel the sting and venom of Pharisaic pride and hatred and envy and malice; and alas for the fickleness of human friendship, alas for its powerlessness to remain constant, its weakness to fulfilling the most binding obligations! Wait till health has become sickness, and not more different is the image we have of him when robust, when every feature spoke of strength, put side by side with the last picture taken of him when he was weakened, when his limbs are frail, his eye sunk, his hand almost transparent, his color pale, than differs the joyful Jew of that Sunday's

procession, from the mad and raging fiend, now that he has come to hate his Saviour. For ingratitude, injustice and barbarity have proved to be the dirge of those palms.

The Sacred Heart in the Passion and in the Resurrection

4. The last message we read in the Gospel contains the greatest and most vital mystery of our faith. It begins with the Passion and ends with the most glorious manifestation of God's omnipotence, with the splendor of the Resurrection. How sorrowful was Christ's Sacred Heart when It bore the first pang of suffering, when His sacred body was tortured and prostrated in the Garden. Terrible as was the pain of body, keener far amidst the torments of the devil and the swelling surge of sin, was the anguish of His soul. It was weighted down with the vision of vice, as though in the thrall of an unholy spirit, most monstrous, most frightful, most appalling. Ingratitude and enmity and hate, the deceitful artifice, the nursed anger, the perverse wickedness, the blasphemous word, the bad example, the unchecked thought, the vicious resolve, the sinful pursuit, the life in which God has no part—were not these ghastly in the sight of Our Lord? And were they not more heinous and foul when contrasted with His holiness, His purity and His love? And who could believe that love could sustain such insulting ingratitude? And yet, as God's justice gave place to God's mercy, or Divine anger was appeased by Divine sacrifice, so surely were joy and gladness and peace to soothe His broken Heart, which shed its life blood on the Cross, when the Son of Man had risen from the dead. There were disciples who were cut off from intercourse with Jesus at the first moments of the Passion, and then, if we may judge from their cowardice, had despaired of every promise. But let them be staunch in hope, let them be trustful, let the will of God be fulfilled, let the presence of the risen Christ be seen by the souls of the departed just, the ancient Patriarchs, the heaven-sent

Prophets, and the Saints and holy men of the Old Law: then behold the glory of the risen Christ; then exult in the triumph of His teaching, the manifest proof of His Divinity. Wait till Good Friday has become Easter morn; and not more different is the figure of Christ on the Cross, when His Sacred Heart throbbed its last beats on the steel of the piercing lance, when compared with that glorified body, when He is risen from the dead, surrounded by a halo of light, which seems to spread abroad the joy of His Sacred Heart, than were the mocking and taunting jeers of the mob, in the streets of Jerusalem, from the fearful and terrified pleadings of that same multitude when they felt the hand of a Supreme Power. For salvation and happiness and heaven itself were the rewards and consolation won for us by the immolation of our God.

Palm Sunday and Good Friday

4. What an eventful week was that preceding the death of Our Lord. It begins on Palm Sunday with His triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, and is brought to a close on Good Friday afternoon with the worst crime that human or diabolical malice could ever have invented—the murder of the living God. How glorious is the triumph of a general when he returns from a successful campaign and the city opens its gates and rejoices at his return! Grand as may be a military triumph, grander far in its spontaneity and sincerity was the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. The city opened to receive Him like a mother, welcoming home her son, returning to her, famous and rich. The throngs of men and women and children, the spreading of palm branches, the strewing of His path with the fresh flowers of spring, the songs of praise, the Alleluias, the "Hosannas to the Son of David"—are not these marks of faith? And are they not tokens of the people's belief that Christ is the long sought-for Messias? And ah! what reverence and esteem are there! Who could believe that it is so short-lived! And yet, as disgrace often follows a soldier's triumph, and as, through the

fickleness of the mob, shame follows upon glory, so are blasphemies, denials, and sufferings to be the issue of this one short week. There were those on Palm Sunday who believed that Christ was the Messias, and who, as the Gospel tells us, were willing to crown Him as their King; but see the rapid change as time passes, as Tuesday follows upon Monday, and as the rage and envy of the Pharisees and High Priests do their work among the people. Alas for the fickleness of man! Alas for his instability! His utter incapacity to persevere in good! Wait until Palm Sunday has changed to Good Friday, and not more different is the triumph given a soldier, when he has achieved glorious conquests, when he has won new praise and glory for himself and his country, put side by side with the court-martial of, perhaps, that same man, when he has proved himself a coward, when he has turned and fled before the enemy, than differs the triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, from the awful and heartrending spectacle of that crucifixion upon Golgotha.

Before and After the Redemption

8–9. Twenty centuries ago and the race of men who were created to fill up the ranks of the Angels of Heaven, was hurrying almost in a mass to the dungeons of Hell. They had the degradation of over four thousand years upon them: they were enslaved in numberless forms of idolatry up and down the broad world: they were steeped in the depths of the lowest depravity: they invented ten thousand gratifications for their passions and natural desires: and they erected to themselves a host of cults and miserable objects of worship. The nations one by one were confounded and demoralized by a multitude of deified vices, which were the respective impersonations of their own depraved inclinations. Rome alone numbered, perhaps, some thirty thousand, from Mars to Hercules and Quirinus and the Roman Emperors. Athens had its Theseus, Bacchus, Hermes and Dionysus; Sicily, its Venus; Cyprus, its Aphrodite: Asia Minor, its Baal and Moloch: Armenia, its shapeless monstrosities:

Persia, its fire and magic; Egypt, its beasts and Ibis. And then too, their Eleusinian celebrations, their unrestrained Bacchic orgies, their secret cults, their ceremonies, their credulity regarding divinations, chance and oracles, their superstitious practices—could there be over the whole earth a more fearful corruption? Mixed up with every state of society, with sovereigns and rulers, with the people, found in every village, and in every town, Paganism seemed destined to grip the world, so long as the world continued, and to drag it down, it might seem, hopelessly to eternal ruin.

But it was the will of the Eternal Trinity that the dignity of mankind should be raised up. It is a touching story, my friends and associates—you have pondered it long, I need not linger upon it. The sickening mockery of pagan falsehood, the power of the Evil One, the nightmare of cruelty and vice, was ended. That old system in its day began to disappear (a miraculous, a wonderful change!) and then it did but become a painful memory in the land where once it reigned, and a perpetual dread to the people, whom once it corrupted. So the world was rescued: and there was resistance for a time, and then its very supporters were conquered or won over by the meekness of Christ. There were conversions innumerable. Its Temples were changed to Christian churches: its wealth distributed to the poor and needy, or used to adorn the shrine and sanctuary. Its presence was at length simply displaced—its power destroyed—its corruption removed—its influence, except among the learned and in the schools, at length almost ignored. It took a long time before the victory was finally gained: much patience, much labor, much trial and suffering, much persecution, but at last it was won. But oh, that other and happier day, when it will be thoroughly and forever accomplished! What a glory to live in it, and see the reign of Satan, moral and material, vanishing before the Gospel of the Kingdom, and nation after nation converted, and united in the bonds of peace, and joined in the unity of one fold and one shepherd! Falsehood will be razed from the earth, and blotted out, and there will come a calm, an

eternal peace; and this world will be from pole to pole, the Kingdom of Christ.

Napoleon Bonaparte

8. One hundred years ago, and Napoleon Bonaparte, that great marvel of military genius, was Emperor of France. He had the glory of forty victories upon him; he was feared by every court in Europe; he was loved by an ardent people: he was the life of his faithful soldiers; and he was the idol of his Legion of Honor. His conquests, one by one, raised and ranked him among the greatest generals the world has ever known. The campaign of Italy opened his career with unparalleled success at Turin, Milan and Mantua. Then followed the famous Battle of the Pyramids, the daring march across the Alps, the brilliant victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden, and the acquisition of the whole left bank of the Rhine for France. And then too his personal characteristics—his quick, searching eye, his practical skill, his mastery of detail, joined with a powerful imagination, his courage, his utter unscrupulousness, his ceaseless activity, the influence he exercised over his soldiers, where was there in the whole world a more formidable commander? Reigning with absolute power, adored by legions of soldiers, and by his subjects, he seemed destined to flourish as long as France flourished, and to outshine, it might be, France's Glory.

9. But it was the stern will of fate that the blaze of such glory should be dimmed. It is a sad story, you have read it often. I need not rehearse it. His vast power and influence gradually fell away. He was totally defeated in the Battle of Leipsic. He crossed the Rhine with the remnants of his army. Germany, Holland and Spain threw off his yoke; in 1814 he was banished to Elba; he returned in 1815, only to receive his last defeat from the hands of Wellington at Waterloo. This time he was exiled to the distant island of St. Helena. His career was over. Now he quarrelled with his English jailers till he grew weary. These were sorrowful days. His victories

were remembered in vain; his defeats haunted him in his new and lonesome surroundings. The dignity of the "Emperor" was now no longer respected; his greatness smouldered, his glory lay black, his name was now one of history, not of terror. One year the Emperor of France, next year a prisoner in exile. O unhappy lot! O pitiful change! What a torture to live and see one's former power far and wide, no longer respected, and one's very self an outcast from the world! But so it was. His glory had turned to ashes, and had been blown away; and there was a grief of mind, a mystery, and a sort of half-existence—and such were the remaining days before Napoleon Bonaparte changed this changing world for eternity.

Before and After 1776.

8–9. A century and a half ago the colonies in the new World had already begun their career of importance. They were regarded in Europe as lands of wondrous possibilities; they extended from Canada to Florida; their inhabitants, drawn originally from many nations, were brave and industrious; their resources were seemingly unlimited, and their difference in climate rendered possible the most varied kinds of production. The Provinces, each in turn, contributed materially to the wealth of the Mother Country. In the North there were the districts of New England: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut; in the middle were New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware; then came the Southern Provinces, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and lastly Georgia. And then too, there were the broad lands still but little known, which lay west of the Alleghanies,—their mighty forests, their rivers, their plains, over which the Indians roamed, the abundance of game, yes, and even perhaps, undiscovered treasures of precious metals,—where in the whole world was to be found a more attractive country? Having these dependencies in the New World, whose people were loyal, whose position was secure from attack, England seemed to have gained so solid a foothold in North America,

that to the extent of her eventual dominion there seemed to be no boundaries but the two oceans.

But it was in the course of human events that this fair prospect should be entirely changed. The reasons are many and peculiar—I need not relate them in detail, for you know them thoroughly. The honor and esteem in which the name of England was held slowly but surely faded away. Its former authority, through acts of injustice and oppression, came to be despised and then finally hated, as something destructive to the liberty it originally ensured. There was a long and bloody struggle, but at the end, the government of England was cast out of the Colonies. It suffered many defeats, its armies and navies were conquered, its representatives taken captive. All signs of English rule were eventually cleared away—its laws rejected—its customs laid aside—its name, except as an odious example, never mentioned. The cost of this was indeed very great—much money, much hardship, many sacrifices, many lives—but the country bore it willingly. Oh! that bright dawn of American Liberty, a century before we were born. How glorious to have lived and acted in that hour, when the Infant Republic awoke and showed its strength—bursting asunder the bonds of the oppressor, and struggling to free itself at last from his hated influence! Our Fathers accomplished a great work. The United States of America took its place among the great nations of the world, and so began its wonderful life of prosperity and advancement.

The Redemption

9. But it was the desire of the Son of God that the wonderful creation of His beloved Father should not be destroyed forever. It is a sad, yet beautiful story, my dear brethren—you know it well. I need not relate it to you. The Incarnation of the Saviour, the sufferings of His Passion, the death on the Cross, compensated for the sins of the world. That mass of corruption in its day shone with the lustre of sanctifying grace (a wonderful, a surpassing gift!): and then it broke forth in the praises of

God, whom once it rebuked, and adored its Master, whom it formerly reviled. Thus man was redeemed: the innumerable sufferings of the Saviour were finished, and the chains of sin, forged by the devil, were burst asunder and cast from mankind. There were changes innumerable in the world. Its sins were atoned for and pardoned: its constancy to God had promised to it great graces on this earth, and eternal happiness in the life to come. The Kingdom of Satan had, in a word, fallen in ruins,—its strongholds overthrown,—its king made a slave,—its power, except for a small part, to be conquered by men, almost entirely diminished. It was the will of the Father that His dear Son should suffer long, with the greatest humility, greatest sacrifice, greatest pain, greatest death: but finally all was consummated. Oh, *felix culpa*, that happy fault, which urged the Saviour to redeem us. What a happiness to have been of the number of the saved at that time, and to have seen the whole sinful world, its wounds and sicknesses, gently raised from its depths of anguish, and every single soul lifted up and strengthened by the love of Christ, or spared by His mercy! And finally, all was done. The Kingdom of Christ was started, and held sway in the hearts of men, and there was a joy, a happiness, a never-ending glory:—and such was the condition of the World after the God-Man shed His precious Blood for our salvation.

Livy

10. Fellow lovers of the Latin tongue, the fact has often been brought to your notice, to some in one way, to some in another, that the merit of Titus Livius as an orator remains unrecognized by many educated men of the present day. From your wider experience you know the truth of this better than I can know it; yet perhaps it may be allowed me to tell, as one but lately ignorant of it, what you have so long appreciated from interested and familiar acquaintance. To many, Livius is no more than a historian, nay, no more, I may say, than a mere name which one meets with, quoted as authority for statements about the affairs

of Rome. "Titus Livius"—not a great man when compared to Cicero—not an exponent, as they think, of pure and classic Latinity—but a mere chronicler of events which, apart from historical value, are not at all interesting and which, indeed, give their narrator his present position, simply because the relations of no one else have come down to us so completely. Here we see a book or two of his, read by unwilling schoolboys as an exercise in sight translation, or consulted by some expert. There, perhaps, an elderly person, who haunts the Public Libraries, poorly dressed and lonely, though eccentric in manner, and designated as an "author," may ask for Livy. Or we may go to a lecture or some association for higher culture, where there are old men and "young ladies"—one of whom may read a paper on "The Historian of Rome," a subject which the others only listen to out of politeness, or because they must do something for the sake of fashion. Or again, perhaps, in a visit to some friend who is a collector, and has an appreciation for "first editions," as we wandered among his books, we might chance, now upon some folio, now upon a series in parchment, bearing the title, "Titi Livii Patavini Opera"; but yet we could realize that the owner never read their contents, except perhaps the title-page, to gloat over their date and place of publication, and from his remarks gather that he thought more of the hand that bound and "tooled" their covers than of the hand that set down the achievements they related. And finally, we might hear some scholar make the remark based on wide reading, and as a matter that might prove interesting to those given to research, that had it not been for Cicero, we should have been reading and imitating Livy to-day, as the best exponent of the Latin tongue.

Wendell Phillips

10. My boys, your view is had from one standpoint, while mine is taken from another; but we all agree in the assertion that Wendell Phillips at the present time is regarded as a great orator. Your knowledge, perhaps, in regard to

this matter is a little more limited than mine: so it may be well if I try to isolate, as by the crucible of a chemist, what you already apprehend in a more compact way. It is true that our land has admirers of Phillips; yes, numbers of them, I gladly perceive, exist. No longer is it necessary for his friends to remain concealed, if they ever were thus, apologizing to others and shunning attention, yet pining for the recognition and appreciation of their favorite. "His friends"—not now a few individuals, not a small following, as men follow a hopeless cause, not a number, great indeed, consisting of the learned or erudite, but the multitude of American people, countless, like the rays that leap from the glowing sun, who, proudly be it said, unerringly if tardily, unceasingly if slowly, render praise when that praise is seen to be deserved. Here, a vast number of men celebrating the anniversary of the orator's birthday, and applauding the panegyric that fittingly extols his eloquence and patriotism. There, perhaps, a poor citizen, adorning the statue of the man honored to-day, using all his skill and art, tired with his extra exertions, yet zealous and eager to do his share in increasing the patriot's fame. A magnificent library of solid granite, placed in the centre of the city, visible from all points, resplendent with richest furnishings and ornaments, is dedicated to the man whom the commonwealth honors, Wendell Phillips. Who he was, what he accomplished during life, why everyone now heaps praise upon him, all the boys large and small could tell: his was a name the very mention of which aroused applause, and always told of great designs and brilliant deeds. And then undoubtedly, if we walked through the city on that day, and were present at the exercises held in his honor, we should in one place hear the multitude breaking out into applause when his picture was projected upon a screen: in another place, perceive the pleasure and appreciation depicted on the faces of fond fathers and mothers, when their little ones recounted the praises of the orator, in imitation fire and eloquence. Easily could we gather there, from the loud declamations of the platform, and the thun-

dering melody of the songs, how the hearts and the minds of all did honor to the man and the patriot: and what all this vehemence and uproar meant could later on be known more plainly from the newspaper descriptions and reports: these swelled the acclamations of praise; and in sympathy with the feelings of the people, heaped fresh laurels upon the already adorned head of the favorite son. And then again, if we listened, we might hear it said by some, reasoning about all these glorious tributes, and deducing as the cause of them, which many had the skill to do, that Wendell Phillips differed from a great number of orators in this, that the latter sought self, while the former was guided by one principle, the good of his own native land.

Aeschines

10. My dear friends and fellow-students, you have all some knowledge of Aeschines, some from hearsay and some perhaps from a perusal of his works, but one and all can bear witness to the fact of the high esteem in which Aeschines has been held by all ages. You, I am sure, realize this as well as I can realize it, but it may not be out of place if by one or two remarks, as by the strokes of a pencil, I bear witness of my own opinion of an orator whose works I have never read. To my mind, no greater orator of Greece ever existed: nay, no greater, I may say, of any nation, and he alone, of all the great orators of antiquity, stands out glorious and resplendent, as the ideal of what a true orator should be. Aeschines,—not a mere maker of words, not a powerful demagogue, as men conceive a demagogue—not an orator who used his eloquence for his own private interests—but a grand type of the patriot, who might be swept away by a popular uprising, like a gigantic tree in the path of an avalanche, but who, nevertheless, would rise up to put forth again an opinion, which, to his mind, was the only means of salvation for the republic. I have often pictured him exhorting the Athenians or reprehending them for passing this or that disgraceful measure at the advice of some reckless speaker. Again

perhaps, after a fruitless oration, I imagine him walking towards his home, weary and sad at heart, but still resolute and determined: and I see the passers-by point him out as an orator, as the great Aeschines. I remember well, as a very small boy, being shown a book written in grotesque and puzzling characters, and being told that Aeschines had written it: but who he was, or why he wrote such queer letters, I could not understand,—though the name had a pleasant sound and moved me with an indescribable sense of awe and reverence. And then, as I grew older, seeking with a boy's ingrown curiosity to know everything, I kept asking my parents who was Aeschines, but nothing was to be gathered from them, except that he was a Greek and an orator, and that he had lived hundreds of years ago; but what kind of an orator he was, could only be learned from my teacher, and he did not report very favorably of Aeschines; but on the contrary said that he had been worsted by Demosthenes in his great speech, "On the Crown." But then I remember many years afterwards, on one occasion, hearing it clearly demonstrated by a literary man of great reputation, who had spent the best years of his life in the study of the Greek orators, that in this, Aeschines was truly a greater orator than the others of his own age, and of all ages since, because the latter sought popular favor by flattering and deceiving the people, whereas he told the Athenians the truth, and what was for their own good, however unpleasant to them and however disastrous in results for himself.

Homer

10. My master and teacher, some of us have read Homer, and some of us have read of his power; but one and all of us can bear witness to the fact of the universal esteem in which Homer has been held from the remotest times. You, of course, know him far better than I, as yet: but it may not be out of place, if, by describing one or two impressions, as if tracing the outlines of a picture, I put before you the framework which you can fill in from your

wider reading. Not only the poet of his native land; nay, not only the bard of the ancient world, but an acknowledged favorite of the modern world, singing sweetly and powerfully as a visitor from the past. However, not a myth, not a plurality of persons, as some contend; not a god, however great, sent from the heavens above; but a mere blind poet, who wove his song from many silken threads, as the weaver fashions the beautiful whole from the separate strings, and who indeed wrote a poem which even to-day is the delight of the world. I have been told how he describes for us the field of war, noisy and dire in war time, or how he takes us to the city, and tells us of a scene in the houses there. I remember, when still young, seeing my father sitting in his chair, quiet and diligent and studious, though with a look of interest on his face, and my mother said he was reading Homer. A good-sized book on the library shelf, containing strange characters for letters, each with a title-page, and the single world with English letters, spelling H-o-m-e-r, inscribed thereon; but what that was, or what it meant tagged on to the book, I could not tell; though it had a familiar sound, and spoke of reputation and greatness. And then when I grew a little older, and began to read with a boy's ardent longing for reading, I came oftentimes upon the mention of Homer, or Homeric hero, or Homeric story: but nothing more was gathered from this, than that there was a great man "Homer" who wrote some famous stories, and the original of all these could only be read in Greek, and I did not know a word of Greek; but on the contrary, was only just beginning to read English well: and then I went to college, and heard the Greek explained by a learned teacher, and he pointed out as a matter of fact and as a point that could not be gainsaid, that there was this excellence in the Homeric study, that the more you read, the more you appreciated, and came to realize that Homer was a poet and an orator besides.

Lord Chatham

10. Some of you know him by reputation, others by careful readings in his works: but one and all of us have fully ascertained the fact of the marvellous influence which Lord Chatham has over the realms of Oratory. You perhaps know it far more certainly than I can know it: but it may not be out of place if I reveal by one or two impressions my appreciation won from even a little knowledge of what you can more truly appreciate after a thorough study. No longer the energetic "Cornet of the Blues"; no longer, I may say, the same character; but a new man possessed of a noble idea, moving steadily towards the goal to which he felt himself impelled. The Great Commoner, —not a hireling, nor even a politician, as men nowadays conceive of politicians,—not a miserable office-seeker, cringing before the frown of kings, but an advocate of the people and people's rights, who might be depended upon as the bulwark and defence of justice: and who steadfastly maintained to his last breath the doctrines for which he labored and fought. Here perhaps a party of wavering commoners, trimming now this side, now that, according as the wind of fortune blew, were made sincere and won over to the cause of conservative policy. There perhaps a Lord of the Kingdom, passing by the Legislature of England, would point out to his son the place where England's laws were made, where Kings had stood and listened to Lord Chatham. An imposing statue of artistic workmanship, placed in a well-nigh consecrated spot hedged in by an outwork of brass railings and floral decorations, and the inscription on the bronze plate that guards the entrance, "Lord Chatham"; but who he was, and what he did, and what achievements won him this distinction—these are history and tradition; for he had made his way to fame and glory by the unswerving perseverance of a conqueror. And now perhaps as we glance through the chapters of history, we marvel at the influence of orators, ancient and modern, and our wonder brings to our minds

how they compared with Lord Chatham; but we gather from the contrast that few or none excelled the English Demosthenes, in eloquence, in vehemence, in power to govern even the wildest minds; and what his counsels cost him may be reckoned in his life's blood. The haughty nobility were set against his proposals: they obstinately refused to give ear to his most considerate measures to avoid war with America. And then, too, we may hear it alleged as the carefully-weighed criticism of some eminent historian or litterateur, as the result of impartial investigation and consideration, and as forming a necessary element in the appreciating of an orator, that there is this similarity between the labors of Lord Chatham and the endeavors of our own forensic masters, that the latter achieved their fame by resisting the encroachments of the powerful upon the weak, the former was esteemed and honored for his combating the supreme dominion of regal authority, to the detriment of the nation and the nation's interest.

Mission of the Layman

18. One thing I know, that according to your determination will be the outcome. One thing I am sure of, that the closer the union of your religious and secular life, so much nearer will you be to the ideal of Christianity: the more faithful you are in showing forth the light of Catholicity, so much the greater will be the reward of your manliness and your loyalty and your good example; the more fiercely you are assailed by the forces of our Modern Life, the stronger will you be in maintaining before the shifting opinions of the world, the fundamental principles of true religion. You must not make treaties with circumstance—you must be Catholics everywhere and on every occasion. My friends, my Brothers in the Faith of Christ, there is an important truth that each one ought to realize, and it is that he is called upon to help in the Apostolic Mission of the Church. I do not say that you will perform miracles; I do not say that you will be expected to make heroic sacrifices: but Christ Our Lord stands with open

arms. He has promised His blessings; He has promised His strength; He has promised a great recompense for even small services, and, as He gives you the grace to make the attempt, so will He remain beside you in carrying it out. By bringing the guiding principles of your faith into your daily intercourse with men, by your acts of generosity towards the poor, and your timely warnings to those in temptations, you will be fighting under the Standard of Christ, and strengthening the arm of the Church with new resources. I do not mean fanatically, or with excessive or misguided zeal, but quietly, lovingly, faithfully, strongly, you will help to open the eyes of ignorance, and remove its prejudices, as many have done before you for the glory of God. You, who day by day kneel down in prayer to our common Father, you who watch with care over the intellectual and spiritual growth of your families, you who week after week, receive the Body and Blood of Christ, what should hold you back? what should cause you shame? what fear of harm? what words of men, whether you are in public or in private, provided there is a chance to strike another blow, or breathe another prayer for the salvation of souls?

The Holy Name

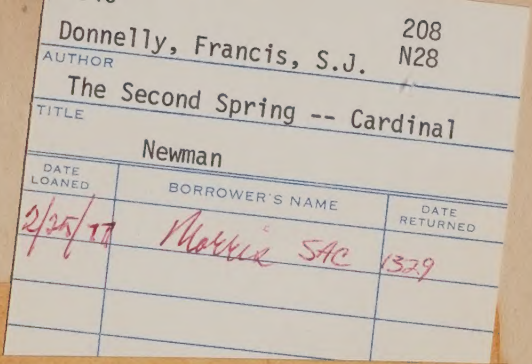
18. One great power we know—that whatever be our need, in the Name of Jesus is our strength. One thing we may be sure of, that the more deeply we are sunk in vice, so much the more will the name of Bethlehem's Babe raise us up to virtue; the more worldly are our affections, so much the more will the mention of the Heavenly Child foster the purest thoughts in our hearts; the more intense are our sorrows, the more soothing will be the remembrance of that Title on the Cross. We are not left powerless; we have with us the strength of that Name which is great above all other names, a Name in which is eternal salvation. My Brethren in Our Lord Jesus Christ, may I repeat your earnest resolve, when I say there is not one of you here who will not strive to use rightly the great power of

that Name. I mean that you will reverence it; I mean that you will invoke it when you hear the roaring of the infernal lion; I mean you will call upon it when the world and your beastly passions rise against you; that even in the warmth of anger, in the fire of hatred, in the frenzy of despair, when maddened by trifling grievances, embittered by pride and ambition, overcome with temporal losses, you will scorn to use that loving Name in blasphemy. By reverencing that Name of meekness, by imploring that Name of hope, by blessing that Name of love, we may enkindle in our souls the divine flame which will consume our vices whether we wish it or no. I do not mean painlessly or without struggle, but gradually and without toil, painfully but joyously the little spark will spread, fanned by the breath of the Paraclete, as in the breast of Augustine, and sacrifice us to love. You, who year after year, commemorate the birth of the gentle Jesus, you who see in your midst a Divine Friend, who has proved His love for you, you who day by day bend down in adoration before this mighty King, how can you use His Name irreverently? what is to tempt you? Who is to make you fall? who will ever accuse you of such a sin, whether you experience worldly failure or prosperity, whether your little dwelling is kept by anxious toil, or you look upon your large and fruitful estate in undisturbed contentment?

The Spirit of Faith

18. One thing alone I know—that the faith you plant in the hearts of your children will be the strength of America's future. One thing I am sure of, that the more deeply they imbibe this spirit of faith when young, so much the more will they be objects of admiration and inspiration to their fellow-men in their later career; the greater their realization of the all-pervading existence of God, the greater will be their reverence for law and authority. They will never be ashamed of their faith. They will have within them the strength of God, promised to the Church, and to every member of it. My brethren, I speak from

my heart when I declare my conviction that there will not be one among those children but will, when the chance offers, proudly declare to the world that he is a Catholic. I do not say they should flaunt it: I do not say they should carry it about with them as a hostile banner boastingly daring any man to touch it at the peril of his life: but in their every dealing with men, in politics, in business, in their daily intercourse of whatever nature, they should show that faith in an ever-present God is a real, living, guiding principle in their lives. By fulfilling the requirements of this faith, by honest, upright, irreproachable lives, they will force the world to admit that, after all, the Catholic faith makes a difference in one, whether he be young or old. I do not say they will accomplish this easily, or without combating prejudices, but, slowly, steadily, surely they will rise and hold that place in the United States that their sterling characters demand that they should hold. They, my brethren, who have been born into the Catholic Faith, they to whom Christ has given an infinite treasure, the gift of faith, they who enjoy all the benefits and blessings which accompany that faith—what is there to shame them? why should they hang their heads? why yield to others? why let the other people about treat them as if they were receiving a privilege in being allowed to live, and as if equality were absurd, an inconceivable demand?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